THE EDITORS: CLINTON'S CHINA MESS

WHAT SHAKESPEARE REALLY LOVED—JAMES WOOD
THE DIGNITY OF VICTIMS—DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN

MARCH 29, 1999 • $3.50

THE NEW REPUBLIC

James Carville Spins Israel ■ George Stephanopoulos Spins Himself

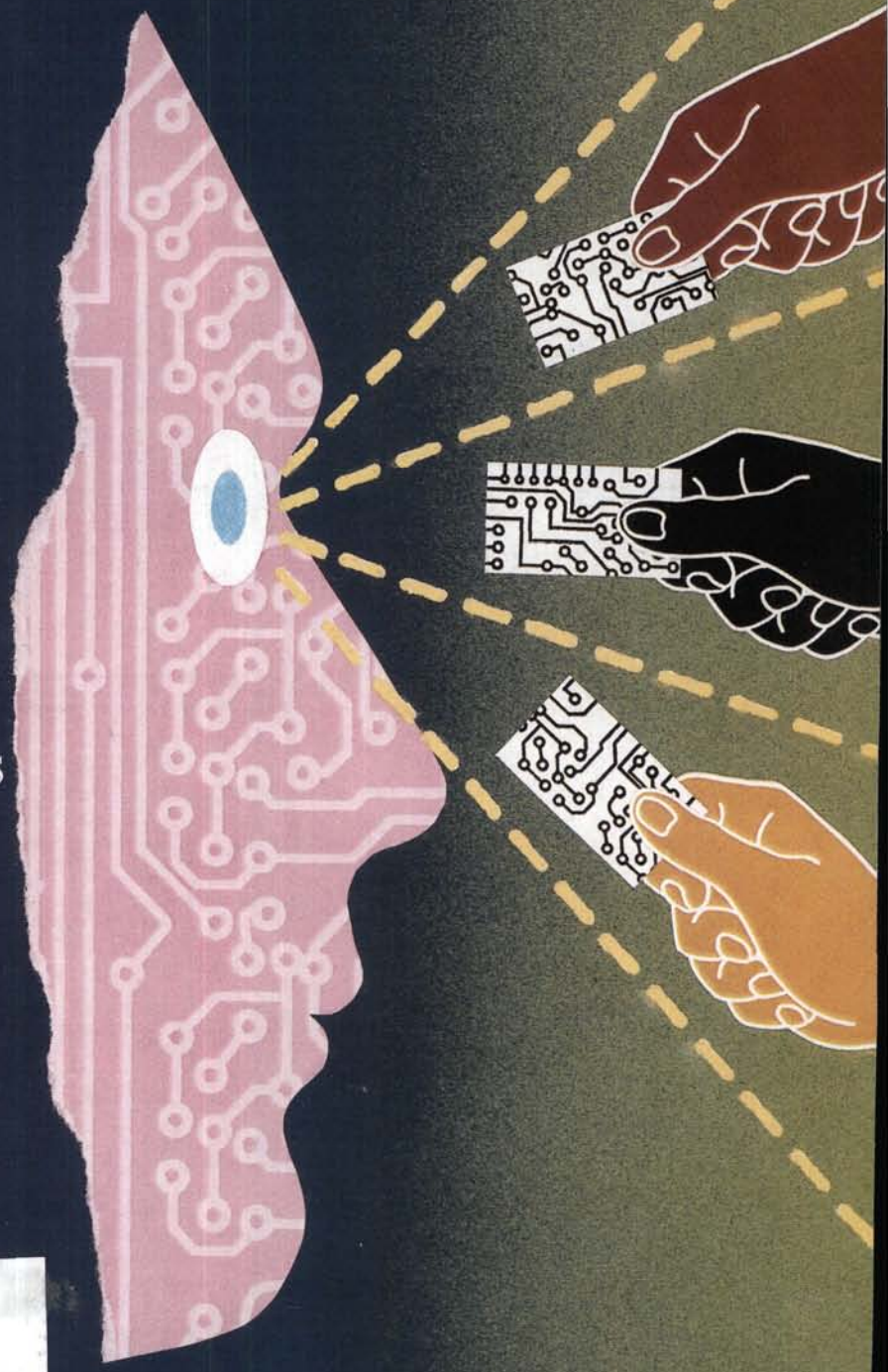
Is Science Color-Blind?

Why African Americans still aren't making it in Silicon Valley

BY TAMAR JACOBY

How university labs got hooked on imported labor

BY SCOTT STOSSEL



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"We are deeply troubled . . ."

February 25, 1999

General Barry McCaffrey, *Director*
Office of National Drug Control Policy, Washington, D.C.

Dear General McCaffrey,

As academics, journalists, public health experts, and community leaders, we are deeply troubled by a series of inaccurate and misleading statements you have made as Drug Czar.

In particular, we are concerned by statements you have made on the following:

• NEEDLE EXCHANGE PROGRAMS

In March 1998, you described needle exchange programs as "magnets for all social ills," including violence, drug dealers and prostitution. Yet in study after study, scientific researchers have found that needle exchanges reduce the transmission of HIV without increasing drug use.

Also, in April, you claimed that two Canadian needle exchange studies showed that needle exchanges were ineffective in reducing the spread of HIV and may have worsened the problem. Missing for your analysis was the fact that Canada, unlike the United States, allows needles to be purchased without a prescription and as a result, the Canadian study did not include more affluent and healthier addicts who were less likely to engage in the riskiest activities.

Your statements so disturbed the Canadian scientists that they felt compelled to publish an op-ed in The New York Times to repudiate the misuse of their findings.

• MEDICAL MARIJUANA

On August 15, 1996, you said, "There is not a shred of scientific evidence that shows that smoked marijuana is useful or needed. This is not medicine. This is a cruel hoax."

Yet exhaustive research, including numerous studies by the National Institutes of Health, the Department of Health and Human Services, and other authoritative institutions, have concluded that marijuana possesses therapeutic value and effectively treats chemotherapy-related nausea and appetite loss.

Even after the New England Journal of Medicine, which represents the mainstream medical community, editorialized in support of medical marijuana, you have made no statements recognizing the scientific research backing the medical value of marijuana.

• INTERNATIONAL MODELS OF DRUG CONTROL

On July 24, 1998, the Chicago Tribune quoted you as saying: "the Murder rate in Holland is double that in the United States . . . That's drugs."

In fact, the Dutch homicide rate is only one-fourth that of the United States. The Dutch rate has never approached, much less exceeded, that of the United States.

When you claimed that the Dutch murder rate was higher, you blamed Holland's drug policies. Yet when confronted with the facts, you did not suggest that U.S. drug policies are the cause of our higher homicide rate.

The media and the public rely on your office to avoid unfounded speculation, to recognize and disseminate scientific consensus when it exists, and to provide, when available, material facts that could help us deal realistically and effectively with our very real problems of addiction. Therefore, we urge you and other national leaders to provide the news media and the public with the most accurate scientific findings available.

We realize that speaking forthrightly requires leadership and courage in the current ideological atmosphere, but, given your distinguished record in the military, the public has reason to expect nothing less.

Respectfully,

• **Regina Aragón**, *Public Policy Director, SF AIDS Foundation;* • **Dr. James T. Black,** *President, 100 Black Men of Los Angeles;* • **Willie L. Brown Jr.,** *Mayor of San Francisco;* • **Pat Christen,** *Executive Director, SF AIDS Foundation;* • **Dennis deLeon,** *Executive Director, Latino Commision on AIDS;* • **Dr. David Duncan,** *Clincial Associate Professor, Brown University Medical School, and Chair, Council on Illicit Drugs, National Association for Public Health Policy;* • **Dr. Joycelyn Elders,** *Professor of Endocrinology, Arkansas Children's Hospital, former Surgeon General;* • **Dr. Henry Louis Gates Jr.,** *Chair of Afro-American Studies, Harvard University;* • **Ira Glasser,** *Executive Director, American Civil Liberties Union;* • **Ronald E Hampton,** *Executive Director, National Black Police Association;* • **Dr. Patricia D. Hawkins,** *Associate Executive Director, Whitman-Walker Clinic;* • **Rebecca Issacs,** *National Gay and Lesbian Task Force;* • **Rob Kampia,** *Public Policy Director, Marijuana Policy Project;* • **Glenn C. Loury,** *Director, The Institute on Race and Social Division;* • **Lupe Lopez,** *Executive Director, People of Color Against AIDS Network;* • **Luz Alvarez Martinez,** *Executive Director, National Latina Health Organization;* • **Daniel MacCallair,** *Center on Juvenile and Criminal Justice;* • **Dr. Ethan Nadelmann,** *Executive Director, Lindesmith Center;* • **Loras Ojeda,** *Community Relations Director, Mobilization Against AIDS;* • **Eva Patterson,** *Executive Director, Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights;* • **Orlando Patterson,** *Professor, Harvard University;* • **Cynthia Pearson,** *Executive Director, National Women's Health Network;* • **Duane Poe,** *Executive Director, Black Coalition on AIDS, Inc;* • **Dr. Alvin Poussaint,** *Clinical Professor of Psychiatry Harvard;* • **Alvan Quamina,** *Executive Director, African American AIDS Support Services and Survival Institute;* • **Ron Rowell,** *MPH, Executive Director, National Native American AIDS Prevention Center;* • **Kathleen Stoll,** *Center for Women's Policy Studies;* • **Craig E. Thompson,** *Executive Director, AIDS Project - Los Angles;* • **Trish Moylan Torruella,** *Executive Director, Mothers' Voices: United to End AIDS;* • **Dr. Helen Rodriguez-Trias,** *Co-Director, Pacific Institute of Women's Health;* • **Martin Waukazoo,** *Executive Director, Native American Health Center;* • **Margaret Batchelor White,** *President, Black Women's Agenda, Inc.;* • **William Julius Wilson,** *Professor, Harvard University:* • **Kevin Zeese,** *President, Common Sense for Drug Policy*

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A Weekly Journal of Opinion

MARCH 29, 1999

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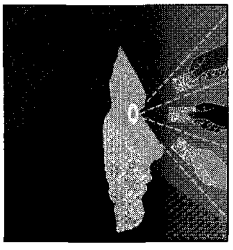

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CORRESPONDENCE

Covert feminism

To the editors:
In her informative and important article, Azar Nafisi ("The Veiled Threat," February 22) reminds us of an unfortunate fact: "The leftists had traditionally appeared to support women's rights. However, this support never ran very deep." Indeed, to leftists everywhere in the world, women's rights are of secondary importance.

GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ
New York, New York

To the editors:
What a great article on Iranian women! Years ago, I wrote a law school paper about Western knee-jerk discounting of feminist activity in Saudi Arabia. It was interesting to note another example of culture and custom resulting in a different voice and tone on feminism.

CHRISTA SPEIGHT RAPOPORT
Montclair, New Jersey

One of a kind

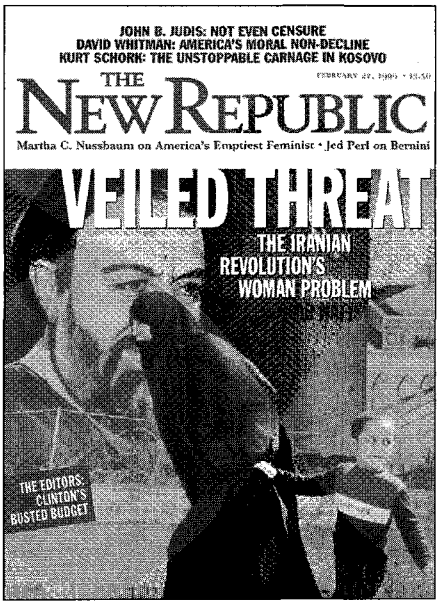
To the editors:
Whatever its merit on its own terms, John B. Judis's comparison of President Clinton with David Lloyd George provides unexpected balm for otherwise demoralized Republicans ("By George," February 22). Contrary to Judis's evident intent, Lloyd George's career actually demonstrates the severe, indeed fatal, political consequences of gaining a reputation for fiddling with the truth. As historian A.J.P. Taylor summed it up, Lloyd George "had fatal flaws. He was devious and unscrupulous in his methods. He aroused every feeling except trust.... [H]e destroyed the Liberal Party." He remains—and doubtless will remain—the last prime minister from that once-mighty party.

HENRY D. FETTER
Los Angeles, California

To the editors:
In his argument against a Senate censure for President Clinton, John B. Judis implies that the government serves no purpose other than to attend to the demands and needs of the people. But that overlooks the fact that the American system of government is based on a set of ideals concerning fundamental human rights and human dignity.

Unlike in Britain, to which Judis refers by way of comparison, we have no monarchy to which we can turn as the unifying symbol of our nation. We have only our ideals and the system of government based upon them. Indeed, if I remember my history correctly, the Oval Office was designed with those very ideals in mind.

To this onetime supporter of Bill Clinton, the president's offense is neither his idiotic behavior nor the petty lies he told to conceal it. Rather, it is that he chose as the venue for his behavior one of the most symbolically significant spaces in the land. No doubt Clinton's boundless solipsism renders him unable to recognize such symbolism. Consequently, the Senate needs to make note of it and to enter its condemnation into the public record.


JOHN B. JUDIS: NOT EVEN CENSURE
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THE
NEW REPUBLIC
Martha C. Nussbaum on America's Emptiest Feminist • Jed Perl on Bernini
VEILED THREAT
THE IRANIAN REVOLUTION'S WOMAN PROBLEM
THE EDITORS: CLINTON'S BUSTED BUDGET

This entire affair will surely amount to little more than a minor footnote in American history, but even a minor footnote still has to be noted.

JEFFREY ROWE
Bowdoinham, Maine

Virtually moral

To the editors:
The United States may well be "More Moral," but David Whitman does a poor job of making that case (February 22).

The first problem with Whitman's argument is his imprecise definition of "morality." He may think that anyone "rely[ing] on the dole" is acting immorally, but most reasonable people would say it depends on the circumstances.

His measurements of moral progress are also faulty. He may believe that increased church attendance equals more moral fiber, but I imagine most of us know at least one moral reprobate who attends church regularly, while some of the most moral people I know never darken a church door.

Drug use may be inherently immoral, as Whitman suggests, but a decline in drug use does not necessarily mean people are acting from moral motives. And I suspect that the decline he notes is the result of more education about the adverse consequences of drug use rather than conversion to the idea that the act itself is sinful.

MARK S. BYRNES
Northfield, Vermont

Sir Duke

To the editors:
My friend Tyler Bridges has produced an exemplary body of work exposing the dangers of David Duke, but his most recent piece for your magazine mischaracterizes the attitudes of most Louisiana Republicans toward Duke ("Southern Comfort," February 22).

First, it is more than a stretch for Bridges to claim that "in the Louisiana Republican Party, David Duke has frequently been accepted—and, in some cases, even welcomed." Bridges discusses at some length the efforts of my very dear friend Beth Rickey to convince the Louisiana GOP's State Central Committee to censure Duke—but, as have so many reporters who have discussed the possibility of censuring President Clinton, he entirely glosses over a central objection to censure: that a political body logically can censure only one of its own. David Duke was not a member of the Central Committee, and many committee members felt they had no power to censure him.

Instead, my father, Haywood Hillyer III, who was the state party's official Republican National Committeeman at the time, drafted an extraordinarily strong statement condemning Duke. The state party's Executive Committee approved it without dissent at its next meeting, and State Party Chairman Billy Nungesser promised to release it publicly within a week. Just at that time, however, former GOP Governor David Treen, an outspoken Duke critic, began organizing a strong push to attract the Republican National Convention back to New Orleans. His good friend Billy Nungesser, fearing that a new brouhaha over David Duke would scare off the site selection committee, never officially promulgated the statement.

Party activists themselves made the statement irrelevant when, for two election cycles in a row, they overwhelmingly defeated Duke's bids for the official state party endorsement for

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public office. First for U.S. senator, then for governor, Duke tried to organize slates of delegates to state conventions, and both times he received well under ten percent of the delegates' support. Tyler Bridges was at one of those conventions and reported vividly how Duke tried subterfuge to rush the podium, only to be physically barred by my father, Nungesser, and others.

Also, in writing of an alliance of sorts between Duke and current Louisiana Governor Mike Foster, Bridges fails to point out that, when the alliance was supposedly struck, Foster was not a Republican but a registered Democrat.

But Bridges's most inexplicable passages are those making it appear as if my former boss, Bob Livingston, has somehow failed to oppose Duke strongly enough. That's just bizarre. Livingston was the first major elected official to denounce Duke, way back during Duke's only successful run for the state legislature, at an airport press conference called exclusively for that purpose. Bridges writes that Livingston "has declined to take any further measures to oppose Duke, vowing that he will stay neutral in the open primary." But Livingston isn't neutral between Duke and everybody else; instead, he's been publicly dismissive of Duke and neutral only in refusing to endorse a single candidate in a field that includes several other candidates who are Livingston's good friends and supporters.

David Duke is a hater who, fortunately, is a has-been. He will remain that way only if folks like Bridges will refrain from once again making him a public bogeyman and thus a convenient vessel for those who want to cast "protest votes" against the system.

QUIN HILLYER
Mobile, Alabama

To the editors:

Let me be sure I have this straight: David Duke attacks racial discrimination in the form of affirmative action and minority set-asides, but he is a racist and a bigot. His opponents will hardly speak a word against these things, but they are honorable gentlemen, opposed to racism in all its forms. Forgive my confusion.

Of course, Duke really is a racist and a bigot, but not because of his opinions on these issues, which are more antiracist than anything we hear from mainstream politicians. In this he is much closer to the opinions of most Americans than his opponents. If they won't take forthright stands against affirmative action, racial set-asides, school busing, and the rest of the apparatus of racial favoritism poisoning our public life, the voters will send Duke to Washington and we will have to listen to him from the floor of the House of Representatives.

JONATHAN KATZ
Clayton, Missouri

Slippery slopes

To the editors:

Matthew Miller mocks "slippery slope" rhetoric, in the case of those who oppose new restrictions on gun purchases, as paranoid ("L.A. Law," February 22). But the history of gun control in other Western nations is exactly what the National Rifle Association's membership fears: a cycle of "reasonable" restrictions that fail to work, followed by public demand for more restrictions. This gradual tightening of regulation ends with complete (or nearly so) confiscation of privately owned firearms. This process has played out in at least a dozen countries; the most recent examples are Britain and Canada.

SCOTT MIZE
Adairsville, Georgia

To the editors:

I agree with Matthew Miller that a one-gun-per-month purchase limit is not unreasonable. His article, however, contains unintentional clues as to why NRA sympathizers distrust even reasonable restrictions.

In particular, Miller does not distinguish between intelligent restrictions (one-gun-per-month purchase limits, background checks for gun-store employees) and feel-good ideas that pose a regressive tax on honest poor people without harming criminals (Saturday-night-special (low-cost gun) bans, trigger-lock requirements).

Furthermore, Miller cannot resist sneering at the NRA even when it is absolutely correct, e.g., when it promoted a computerized instant criminal-record check for gun purchases rather than a blanket "waiting period" that, indeed, would leave women defenseless against violent ex-boyfriends.

HUGO S. CUNNINGHAM
Boston, Massachusetts

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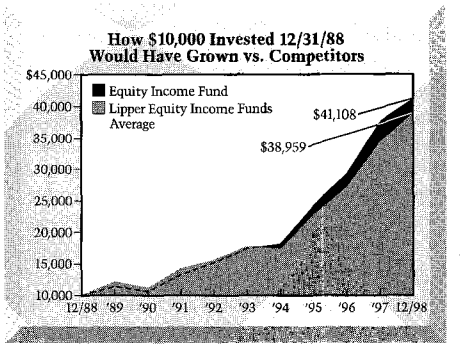

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FROM WASHINGTON

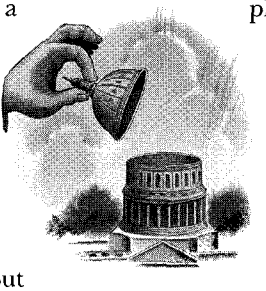
Now he tells us

Should we feel sorry for George Stephanopoulos? By his early 30s, he had already had a chance to rub shoulders with the most powerful people in America and to wield some power in the White House himself. Out of power, he's still young, good-looking, and there is no shortage of women who would be willing to marry him or who would settle for even a much shorter relationship. (Did you check out that angelic shot of him on the cover of *Newsweek*—"grooming by Shawnelle Prestidge for Workgroup S.F."?) Before the Hillary-for-New-York-senator boom got going, it was Stephanopoulos whom the pundits were egging on to go for the seat. He's got millions of dollars. His new job as a talking head, complete with a coveted place at Sam and Cokie's table, is easy and attention-getting.

And yet, for all that, he suffers from disappointment with the man he did so much to put in the White House, Bill Clinton. He went public with his disillusionment in the very first week of the Monica Lewinsky scandal, stunning the country by declaring on ABC that the charges might warrant impeachment. Say what you want about the obsessions of Henry Hyde; history will record that it was the erstwhile White House boy wonder who first put the "I" word in play.

That scandal caused Stephanopoulos to start his planned memoir over from scratch; the resulting book, *All Too Human: A Political Education*, was still embargoed as this issue of TNR went to press. But, if the excerpts in *Newsweek* are any indication, Stephanopoulos's recollections of his time at the top are pervaded with a sense of innocence violated. The book, *Newsweek*'s blurb-writers aver, is a "compelling memoir of political seduction and betrayal." Clinton drew the young politico in by making him feel "uniquely known and needed," then discarded him in favor of Dick Morris before the ultimate violation of trust that was the Monica dalliance. Thus, in an accompanying interview, Stephanopoulos lets slip yet another bombshell: based on what he knows now, he never would have worked for Clinton. The president, he says, is not "fit enough to be elected." Life imitates art imitating life: it's almost as if Stephanopoulos is consciously recreating himself as the morally troubled Henry Burton character in Joe Klein's *Primary Colors*, a character Klein based on Stephanopoulos.

Well, I'm not sure I buy this. For openers, there's the fact that, during the 1992 campaign, George Stephanopoulos was the willing snuffer of the Gennifer Flowers story and other potential bimbo eruptions along the way. He did it with real brio. Who can forget that moment in the documentary *The War Room* when Stephanopoulos, just before the election, bluffs a Perot supporter into not going public with the story of Bill Clinton's purported Arkansas love child? "People will think you're scum," he threatens. We know now that the story was, as Stephanopoulos told the Perot man at the time, "completely bullshit." But did Stephanopoulos really know that for sure when he said it?



As for Flowers, Stephanopoulos concedes that he became an "enabler" for Clinton by fending off the press despite his own doubts about Clinton's denial. Loftily, he quotes Reinhold Niebuhr on the "frantic orthodoxy" of the true believer. So passionate was his belief in Clinton's value to the progressive cause Stephanopoulos held dear, he implies, that he swallowed his doubts about the man's character. I'm sure it had nothing to do with the fact that Stephanopoulos was also trying to salvage his own political future, which, having left a secure but less glamorous job as a senior aide to Dick Gephardt, he had completely mortgaged to Clinton.

Part of what Stephanopoulos seems to hold against the Clintons is that they sent him out to lie for them so often, and no doubt they did. But Stephanopoulos was not some hapless pawn: he was a combative, press-averse aide who relished the game of spin and wasn't above looking the American people in the eye and saying something preposterous himself. Remember election night 1994, when, as the Republican landslide rolled across the country, Stephanopoulos looked at a CNN camera and pronounced, "We're having a pretty good night so far"?

Now, too, Stephanopoulos is trying to have it both ways. With the winds of public opinion having shifted decisively against impeachment, his first-in-the-nation enthusiasm for putting the president on trial has given way to a new, modified view that "he didn't deserve to be impeached." He wishes there had been a censure instead. Don't we all.

Stephanopoulos deserves credit for openly discussing his own battle with depression, apparently brought on by the stress and overwork—and constant crises of conscience?—that working for a man like Bill Clinton entailed. To be sure, Colin and Alma Powell had previously breached that taboo, but Stephanopoulos's confession is still brave in its way. What detracts from that, though, is how even this story gets dragged down by the gravitational pull of our gossip-based civic culture. Soon, Stephanopoulos is retailing stories of running into Monica at Starbucks (George Stephanopoulos, dropping Monica Lewinsky's name!) and speculating along with us about what Bill really told Hillary about Monica, and when he might have told her.

Anyway, even if Stephanopoulos's career was a tale of seduction and betrayal, it's by no means clear what sort of "an education" it was. Yes, he's learned a lesson about political heroes and their feet of clay. But certainly he has not deeply rethought the liberal orthodoxies he has been articulating ever since his wrongheaded 1982 Columbia graduation address opposing the deployment of Pershing 2 missiles in Europe. In his oleaginous way, Dick Morris was correct, both politically and substantively, when he advised the president to tack to the center, away from the congressional Democrats whom Stephanopoulos would have courted.

Book hype notwithstanding, this is a familiar Washington story: talented and idealistic young man attaches self to promising politician, then gradually outlives his usefulness to same. Next comes a bitter post-power period fretting disproportionately about how his compromises have damaged his all-important "credibility." True, we care a bit more about Stephanopoulos's trajectory because he is smart, attractive, and, I hear, a decent guy—even if he didn't always show it when dealing with reporters on sensitive stories. But, in the end, he's wound up right where so many other Clinton insiders have: as a kind of all-purpose celebrity whose stock-in-trade is the inside information he once jealously shielded from public view. This isn't a terrible place to be. Ironically, though, it happens to be where Dick Morris wound up, too, except that Morris got there first.

CHARLES LANE

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Where We Stand

A commentary on public education and other critical issues

The Wrong Rx

By SANDRA FELDMAN, President
American Federation of Teachers

At long last, Congress is turning its attention to real issues, such as health care and education. That's good. But there is also a lot at risk as they do. Take, for example, the calls for privatizing Social Security, education, and health care, including Medicare. Those efforts could really do harm.

In health care, for example, many companies are in financial trouble, and investors are abandoning their stocks. It's no wonder. The belt-tightening that initially brought big returns has lost patients and caused doctors to quit and nurses to strike. Now, health care costs have begun to rise again. Prescription drugs and procedures using new medical technologies have gone through the roof, and there is no sign that these increases will slow down. But the big losers are not the investors in health care stocks. They're the ordinary people who have to spend more money to get less care—if they can get it at all.

The Truly Disadvantaged

There is no question that the health care system in this country needed reform. People with plenty of money have always been able to get the best, but many Americans have never been able to afford decent medical care. Really poor people are shielded by Medicaid and the elderly by Medicare (though these programs are increasingly under attack). The truly disadvantaged are the working poor—people who have low-paying jobs that don't offer health insurance or offer it at rates they can't afford—and the children of these people. In 1997, 11.3 million children in the U.S.—approximately 15 percent—had no coverage for doctors or hospital care. And as costs continue to rise, more and more working people will be forced to abandon their coverage.

But coverage is not enough to insure good health care in the new world of market-driven medicine. There are no mechanisms to protect sick people if a company puts the financial bottom line ahead of patient care. That's why, if they choose, HMOs can forbid doctors to tell their patients about any treatment that the company considers too expensive and why they can prescribe exactly how long a doctor can spend with a patient. (One West Coast outfit limits office visits to 7 minutes.) Some even offer bonuses to doctors who cut corners in the treatments they prescribe. Hospitals

When a cure proves even worse than the disease.

can also be guilty of paying more attention to the bottom line than to the welfare of their patients. One big cost-cutting measure has been to reduce the nursing staff and hire people with no special qualifications to do the work of skilled professionals. Yet, no one I know would want to recuperate in a surgical unit where untrained aides change patients' dressings or monitor their progress, or where nurses have too many patients to give proper care.

There are parallels here with education—in efforts to privatize or introduce so-called market reforms. We already know, from several ongoing voucher programs, that this approach does not improve student achievement—or save money.

Just as vouchers are a program for a few that threatens the education of all children, especially the neediest, the trend toward hospital takeovers and for-profit managed care has resulted in strong incentives to keep out people who are sick or who need care the most. Now, there are proposals to turn Medicare into a voucher program, which surely would disadvantage those same people.

Despite how well it usually works, the free-market model is not a good fit for health care or education. Like Social Security, these require responsible government programs.

Let's Have a Fair Discussion!

There is a temptation to make discussions about issues like health care and education into political battles. Now, as members of Congress emerge from a bruising and often partisan battle, they can show their determination to put all that behind them by leading us in a nonpartisan discussion of these important issues. When talking about education and health, people shouldn't think conservative or liberal, Republican or Democrat. Yes, there will be differences of opinion, but the government has a responsibility to help us make sure that every citizen—especially every child in America—has access to good health care and good schools. That's where the bottom line should be for those elected to serve the public good. ▮

Where We Stand **is published once every month in *The New Republic*. To comment, write to Sandra Feldman, AFT, 555 New Jersey Ave. N.W., Washington, DC 20001.** **© Sandra Feldman 1999.** **Visit our web site (http://www.aft.org).**

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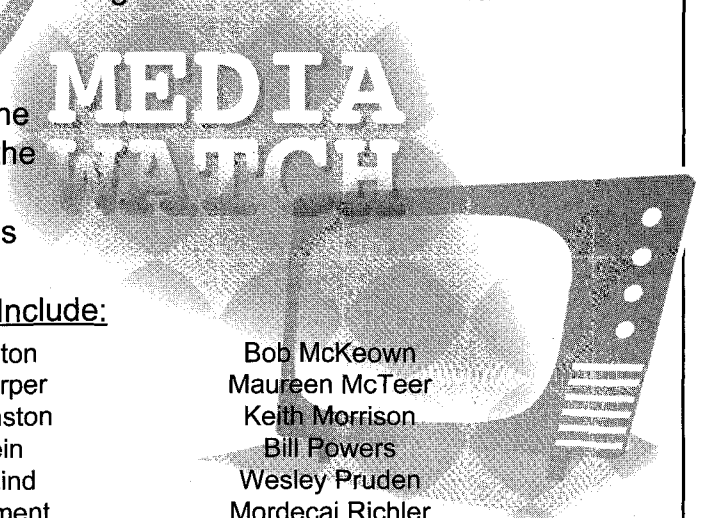

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MARCH 29, 1999

THE CHINA SYNDROME

Now that Energy Secretary Bill Richardson has fired Wen Ho Lee, the scientist at Los Alamos National Laboratory suspected of handing over some of America's most sensitive nuclear weapons secrets to China, we can all hope that the Clinton administration has finally plugged a leak that may have already made it possible for China to load multiple, independently targeted warheads on its aging fleet of intercontinental ballistic missiles. Can't we?

Yet the crisis for the administration's policy of "engagement" with China has only just begun. Two questions cry out for rigorous investigation and forthright answers. Should the White House have acted more swiftly when it first heard warnings from an Energy Department official that China was conducting nuclear espionage in this country—and did it drag its feet in order to prevent the espionage case from upsetting its China-friendly policy? And even more fundamentally: Why did this administration ever imagine that a genuine "partnership" with China was possible in the first place?

On both counts, the man with the most explaining to do is national security adviser Sandy Berger, the de facto architect of America's foreign policy. Berger's view of the world tells him that the way to get powerful but contrary countries such as China to respect American interests is to enmesh them in a web of international law and multilateral organizations. His summum bonum is Chinese membership in the World Trade Organization.

Yet China is not the state Berger imagines it to be. China is problematic for American interests and repugnant to American values. Morally, a "partnership" with the regime in Beijing must be unacceptable. (Judge them by their allies in Asia: the Khmer Rouge, North Korea, and Burma's brutal regime.) But it must also be viewed skeptically on strategic grounds. China is not a potential force for stability, but rather a proven force for disruption. It is a rising regional power with irredentist claims on Taiwan, the Spratley Islands, and border areas abutting both Vietnam and India. (Indeed, the temptation for China's leaders to lash out on one of these fronts may grow as they seek a nationalist diversion from the social problems their mismanagement of economic change has created.)

China instinctively distrusts U.S. intentions and seeks to keep Asia free of American troops and American political influence—even as it exploits the profit motive of American corporations to buy dual-use technology for its military. Unlike Berger, the Chinese believe that power politics trumps economic interest, which is why they respond to our halfhearted complaints on human rights by taking their business to Western Europe, and why they mischievously thwart America's Persian Gulf policy from their perch on the U.N. Security Council. The latest such Chinese mischief is the stationing of more new missiles pointed at Taiwan.

This is the China that, according to an extraordinary article in the March 6 *New York Times*, pursued a patient, long-term espionage project that culminated in the theft of U.S. designs for a miniaturized thermonuclear warhead. The *Times* report is a shocking indictment of the amateurishness and the insouciance with which the Clinton National Security Council, and much of the administration generally, approached the alleged espionage once the whistle had been blown by Energy Department official Notra Trulock.

Where Berger's role becomes particularly questionable is in his sanctioning of the activities of his China policy aide, Gary Samore. In August 1997, Berger, preparing for the October summit meeting between President Clinton and Chinese President Jiang Zemin in Washington, authorized Samore to find out how badly national security had been compromised at Los Alamos. Samore asked the Central Intelligence Agency to report on how China could have developed the new warheads without espionage. That was a legitimate exercise. But, with Berger's acquiescence, Samore apparently went one step further and used the CIA report to throw cold water on the counterintelligence investigation. Berger should have pushed his staff, the FBI, and the CIA as hard as possible to get to the bottom of the spying allegations. All indications are that he did not.

Thus far, the administration response has been to circle the wagons and spin. Vice President Al Gore explains that the actual stealing of atomic secrets took place way back in the '80s and that President Clinton signed a directive in February 1998 ordering tougher security procedures. Gore says that the administration plans to work on the "further democratization" of China. This won't do. Congress has a right and a duty to investigate whether Sandy Berger's NSC grossly mishandled what is already being called a latter-day Rosenberg case. If this proves as bad as it looks, Berger should lose his job. •

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MARCH MADNESS

This week, when 64 college basketball teams take the floor to compete in the 1999 NCAA tournament, fans can be reasonably certain that the players are, at least to some degree, actual students at the colleges they represent. While it's probable that a good number of them are not as academically proficient as their nonathletic classmates, it's a safe bet that they can at least read, write, and do arithmetic.

Sadly, this wasn't always the case. As recently as 1982, in fact, Kevin Ross, a basketball player at Creighton University, completed four years of eligibility at that institution of higher learning *and promptly enrolled at a Chicago grammar school.* He was a functional illiterate. And, while Ross's case was undoubtedly extreme, college athletes in the early '80s—particularly black athletes like Ross—had markedly low graduation rates. From 1983 to 1985, black college athletes graduated at rates of 35 percent, 35 percent, and 36 percent, respectively. For those same years, white college athletes graduated at rates of 58 percent, 59 percent, and 59 percent, respectively.

Thankfully, this began to change in 1986, when the NCAA established minimum eligibility requirements for incoming freshmen athletes. No longer could colleges just admit anyone and put him in uniform. Recruits now had to meet some basic academic standards: the current standards, commonly referred to as Proposition 16, consist of a high school diploma, a 2.0 GPA in 13 core high school courses, and a score of 820 out of 1,600 on the SAT. Not surprisingly, student athletes' graduation rates began to rise. Today, the NCAA projects that 62.5 percent of white student athletes will graduate; the projected graduation rate for black student athletes has shot up to 59.2 percent.

This would seem to confirm the thinking of those (like TNR) who believe that a serious emphasis on real academic standards should be an integral part of education policy at all levels. But Judge Ronald L. Buckwalter of the U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania looked at this apparent success story and saw racial discrimination. On March 8, he struck down the NCAA's freshman eligibility standards. Buckwalter concluded that Proposition 16 was a violation of Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, since it "has an unjustified disparate impact against African Americans." The concept of disparate impact means that if ostensibly race-neutral hiring or admissions practices—practices that appear nondiscriminatory and may very well be intended to be nondiscriminatory—end up depriving more minorities of jobs or university admissions slots than whites, then those practices may be illegal.

In a purely mechanical sense, Buckwalter is correct: Proposition 16 has affected more blacks than whites. In 1997, 21.4 percent of blacks failed to qualify for admission under the NCAA standards, as compared with 4.2 percent of whites. Moreover, data from 1994 to 1996 show that there has been a slight drop in the number of blacks among first-year scholarship college athletes, from 23.6 percent to 20.3 percent. These are the numbers that black college coaches—like Temple basketball coach John Chaney—seize on when they claim, as Chaney did in a *New York Times* op-ed welcoming Buckwalter's decision, that "countless young black men have been damaged" by the standards.

But, in focusing narrowly on the disparate impact in admissions, Buckwalter and the black coaches have lost sight of the bigger picture. A more nuanced view of the standards would recognize that they do indeed have a disparate impact on blacks—but that, in the terms that really count (helping young men and women with a meaningful education), the impact of the tougher standards is disproportionately *favorable* to blacks.

Why? Because, before the standards, black student athletes—by dint of their disproportionate representation among the student athlete population—were disproportionately exploited by the college athletic system. Yes, some coaches in some programs at some schools (especially those with dedicated black coaches like Chaney, who pushes his players hard to make use of their educational opportunities) maintained their academic and athletic integrity. But the vast majority did not. Far too often, colleges would admit academically unqualified football and basketball players, enroll them in sham courses, and then profit from their athletic performances until they departed four years later without a degree. Since only a small percentage of college athletes actually go on to play at the professional level, that meant that many of them were leaving college having enriched their universities while having received basically nothing in return. That was the system that produced Kevin Ross. And that's the system that Judge Buckwalter may have reinstated. •

JERUSALEM DISPATCH

SPIN CITY

By Sharon Moshavi

James Carville is the first to admit he doesn't know much about Israel, and he draws a blank when I mention the names of some of the country's most prominent figures. Still, he's irritated when I ask him whether this makes it difficult for him to advise Labor Party leader Ehud Barak on how to unseat Benjamin Netanyahu as prime minister. When you get down to it, he says, Israel's well-informed electorate can be seduced just as easily as America's apathetic and ignorant voters. Carville is speaking from his Washing-

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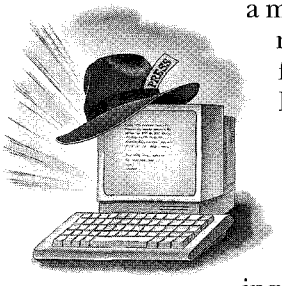
ton office, but his language is suffused with religious motifs. "Take a look at what Netanyahu's telling voters. It's not exactly the Tal-moood," he says, drawing out the last syllable in his trademark Louisiana drawl. "All people want to be communicated with simply. After all, the Ten Commandments were hardly a treatise."

American campaign philosophy has come to Israel—along with the Americans themselves. On Barak's side is Carville, Stanley Greenberg, and Robert Shrum, the team that put Bill Clinton in office. In Netanyahu's corner is Republican consultant Arthur Finkelstein—who first helped out in the 1996 elections and is said to be one of the few people Netanyahu really respects. The involvement of so many American all-stars in Israeli politics is unprecedented. While American advisers have had a hand in Israeli elections since 1981, their roles have been minimal, their names quickly forgotten. "I remember one of them wore cowboy boots," muses a member of the Knesset. Now, though they spend only a few days each month in Israel, the names of the American advisers loom as large as their candidates. Israelis view Finkelstein, who has been by Netanyahu's side for three years, almost as a shadow prime minister. Carville and company are well known here, too—Israelis get "Larry King Live"—and their presence has created a buzz.



What makes the American invasion particularly odd is that Israelis have long prided themselves on their inelegant politics. Until recently, the recipe for political success was an open-necked shirt and unpolished speeches, not photogenic red ties and canned platitudes. But things began to change during the last election, when Israelis started voting directly for their prime minister, instead of through a party. This, coupled with the fact that there is a general consensus over broad ideological questions in Israel—as in the United States—has caused Israeli elections to be focused on questions of personality instead. The issue, thus, is not whether a candidate is in favor of the peace process with the Palestinians—which nearly 80 percent of Israelis support—but whether he has sufficient character. By character, of course, Israelis mean not his ability to keep his pants on but his ability to negotiate with the Palestinians and get the best deal possible out of the peace process. And the spinmeisters specialize in nothing if not building up images of a candidate's "character."

The other obvious explanation for the change is Netanyahu, who mastered the techniques of spin during his years in the United States and then imported Finkelstein, at $4,000 per month, to remind him of the rules of the game. The two of them succeeded in 1996 with the slogan "Peres will divide Jerusalem." The statement became perceived as fact, even if it wasn't. The lesson: Create a simple message, hammer it over and over, and people will believe it.

Barak absorbed that idea well, resolving to fight Netanyahu's spin with some spin of his own. Israel has no class of professional campaign consultants, so Barak went to the source. By and large Barak's Israeli advisers (whose fees are thought to be on par with Finkelstein's) have a clear admiration for their American counterparts. After a meeting with Greenberg at Tel Aviv's Dan Hotel, Rafi Barzilai, Barak's strategic planning adviser, raises a six-inch stack of Greenberg's polling data with the reverence with which one might handle a religious icon. "This is the X-files," Barzilai says with a wicked grin. "No Israeli pollster could have done this." And Barak has already made use of the information. His main slogan—"Do you want to be stuck with Netanyahu for four more years?"—is borne of Greenberg's polling data. As for Carville's touch, it was evident during Barak's recent tour of poor development towns in southern Israel. In Ofakim, Israel's unemployment capital and a Netanyahu bastion, Barak stood on a table in a textile factory and boomed at the workers like an Israeli Norma Rae. He railed against Netanyahu for discouraging construction of a factory that would have brought 400 jobs to Ofakim: "Netanyahu didn't care, and the factory moved to the Czech Republic. Now four hundred people work there." Barak stabbed his finger in the air for emphasis. His campaign handlers nodded with satisfaction. "We used to go from place to place, but not with a message. Now everywhere we go has some connection to the message of the campaign," said field adviser Yuval Frenkel as he hurried Barak onto his next campaign stop.

As Barak departed, one of the factory workers muttered to a friend, "Oh, he looks much better in person than he does on television." That perception is a problem for Barak, one his American advisers are trying to correct. Television matters. Israelis don't want bumbling, fumbling speakers as prime ministers anymore. They want someone who looks and sounds good on television. Netanyahu, who took speaking lessons in New York years ago, has perfected the use of Israeli television as a political vehicle. He has plenty of outlets to choose from. There are countless talk shows, political roundtables, and election magazine shows every week. Not to mention the nightly news (on two channels), where the candidates often slug it out live. Barak is better than he was a few months ago, but he still has a long way to go. He stutters; he stands uncomfortably with a sour smile drawn on his face. One senior aide complained to me that Barak convolutes the simplified messages Carville has crafted. As the aide put it, Barak must realize that "the fact that it fits on a bumper sticker on a very, very wide car doesn't make it one message."

Barak's American team has made some missteps of its own. For example, when Greenberg's polls showed secular Israelis' disdain for the ultra-Orthodox, Barak launched a campaign against the "extremists." Bad idea. It backfired; many Israelis found it divisive. The Barak campaign then found itself stymied in its efforts to paint Netanyahu as disingenuous, proof that the mud that sticks to U.S. politicians can slide off their Israeli counterparts. Greenberg's polls had found that two-thirds of Israelis think Netanyahu is, well, a liar. (Popular Israeli joke: Barak shoots at a bird, but it keeps flying. He

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blames the gun's sighting. Netanyahu shoots at the bird, and it also keeps flying. But Netanyahu shouts out: "Look, it's a miracle. The dead bird is flying.") But being a liar is not necessarily a liability in Israeli politics. Many Israelis feel the Palestinians are liars and cheats, so that's the kind of leader Israel needs to deal with them. Greenberg confesses he is astounded by this: "There are few countries in the world where, if two-thirds of the public thought you were a liar, a public liar, you would be electable." Presumably, Greenberg has forgotten about his old employer, Bill Clinton.

Both campaigns face another, more fundamental problem with polling: believing their own numbers. That's because Israelis get a kick out of lying to pollsters. At the time when Amnon Lipkin-Shahak was running for prime minister on a new centrist-party ticket, Jerusalem merchant Roni Levy says he was polled three times in just a few weeks. Each time he said he'd vote for Shahak, but he's a Netanyahu supporter. Why did he lie? "I told them that to confuse them," he says with a laugh. A Netanyahu adviser brought up this phenomenon to Finkelstein. The reaction? "He was a bit flustered," admitted the adviser.

Israelis are also schizophrenic when it comes to things American. On the one hand, it's all "Ally McBeal" and McDonald's, fluff that isn't to be taken too seriously. That's how Carville and Greenberg and Shrum largely are being treated. Newspapers here publish supposed details of the advisers' blunders. They gave Barak bad advice that turned the Labor primaries into a prime-time disaster. They have had trouble organizing an Israeli campaign team. They don't know who Aryeh Deri is (leader of the prominent Shas Party and a name any ten-year-old here would know). The message is, these guys are nice and well-meaning, but they just don't get it.

The other side of Israel's split perception of the United States is darker. This image is of an America that pressures Israel to do things it wouldn't otherwise do. Enter Arthur Finkelstein, who has risen to the level of myth in Israel. The name Finkelstein is close to becoming an adjective, meaning devious, shrewd, negative. Every move Netanyahu makes, Israelis assume Finkelstein is whispering in his ear. It's hard to separate the reality from the fiction. Was Finkelstein behind the 1996 opening of the Western Wall tunnel that resulted in bloody clashes with the Palestinians? Did he tell Netanyahu to name a Sephardic finance minister in recent weeks to keep his base of supporters happy?

Worried about the appearance of too much American influence, both campaigns are trying to downplay the roles of their advisers. All of the consultants stay here under assumed names. Finkelstein hardly ever talks to the press. Barak's campaign, after initially hyping the presence of its American team, now tries to keep the visits under wraps.

So far, though, there's no backlash. The only ones here who genuinely seem disturbed by the American invasion are Israeli journalists. Dalia Yairi, a popular radio talk-show host, recently complained before a group of visiting Americans how frustrating it was to interview the prime ministerial candidates. "I cannot stand it. They say the same things, over and over. You cannot listen to it anymore," she moaned as the American audience burst into loud, knowing laughter. No doubt the campaign consultants would be pleased to hear her complaints. If the journalists are sick of hearing the message, that means the American spin artists are doing their job.

SHARON MOSHAVI is a journalist and writer based in Jerusalem.

The permanent campaign as jobs program.

LAMAR! INC.

By Michelle Cottle

On March 9, Lamar Alexander announced his intention to run for the White House in 2000. But, as his presidential quest rolls into its seventh year, one of Alexander's biggest challenges may be to combat the fact that, in certain circles, he has become a political joke. Applauding House Minority Leader Dick Gephardt's decision not to run, *New York Times* writer Gail Collins noted: "Mr. Gephardt's friends and family must be happy as well. You don't want to see a loved one wandering around New Hampshire shopping malls and morphing into Lamar Alexander."

But the media are missing the real story. Alexander's marathon pursuit of the presidency is not merely a failing political campaign; it is also a thriving business venture. Not only has Alexander weathered the usual ups and downs every corporate exec faces—fickle consumers, outrageous advertising costs, cut-throat competition—he has also found a way around pesky government regulations that make it nearly impossible to finance his operation. It may appear as though Alexander hasn't held a real job since the Bush administration. But, in reality, he's been serving as CEO of a major enterprise, funded by friends and by those who believe in whatever it is Lamar! currently stands for—and upon which possibly hundreds of Americans have come to depend for their livelihoods. Call it Alexander's Ambition Unlimited.

The campaign's moneymen hope to have $15 million in the bank before the Iowa caucuses. Few people realize, however, just how many hard-working citizens will get a taste of this money. Last time around, Alexander reported $3.5 million in outlays during the final quarter of 1995. Of this, $1.4 million went to the GOP media shop of Murphy Pintak Gautier for TV ads. But millions more put scores of staffers and consultants to work in a

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sort of white-collar WPA. Again, looking just at the final quarter of '95, Lamar Inc. reported $435,000 in payroll expenses. Consulting fees—excluding Murphy et al.—ran in the $200,000 range. Now, factor in the hotels, car rental agencies, catering companies, and office supply stores that also reaped the rewards. Fourth-quarter payments to Memphis Jet Service came to $126,000. Sir Speedy Printing in Nashville took in $64,000. Even Uncle Sam got a piece of the action: postage bill, $89,000. Payroll taxes, $198,000.

Post-1996, the gravy train necessarily slowed a bit. Until a candidate officially declares his intention to run in a coming election, he is technically forbidden to campaign for office, recruit staff members, or solicit contributions. Alexander, however, kept the wheels of commerce turning. Through his political action committee, the Campaign for a New American Century (CNAC), he was able to spend the off-season tooling around the country—especially Iowa and New Hampshire—spreading his political gospel of the moment and raising massive amounts of dough.

Alexander's ostensible financial goal was to aid like-minded candidates embroiled in tough races—which he did. But, as often occurs, the majority of PAC contributions went to pay for the founder's travels, public appearances, and networking soirees—i.e., to lay the groundwork for Alexander's next run. Through deft management, CNAC generated enough revenue to enable not-yet-official-candidate Alexander to maintain a non-campaign itinerary almost as busy as his in-season schedule. CNAC began 1998 with $15,150.68 in the bank and ended it with $16,564.27. In between, however, just under $2.7 million flowed into the PAC's coffers, then back out and into the hands of speechwriters, temps, accountants, lawyers, event planners, and, of course, grateful GOP candidates, who in turn used the money to keep others employed. Among the more elaborate expenditures was CNAC's second annual lobster bake, a high-profile Republican schmoozefest in New Hampshire just before the primaries for the gustatory delight of an estimated 3,000 guests.

Regrettably, federal PACs, like presidential campaigns, are bound by federal fund-raising limits. Hip to the difficulties of financing his operations via FEC-authorized chunks of $5,000 or less, Alexander set up a state version of CNAC back home in Tennessee, subject only to that state's campaign finance laws. (Tennessee, most hospitably, puts no restrictions on the size of individual contributions.) The state PAC could then use its receipts—collected from supporters nationwide—to cosponsor "joint activities" with its federal counterpart. Last year, the Tennessee-based CNAC transferred more than $1.9 million for just such purposes.

And there's more. In July 1998, Alexander formed a second state PAC, this one based in Virginia—which boasts even looser campaign finance laws. Adorably named We the Parents, the committee paid for TV ads promoting family-friendly legislation—tax cuts for parents, education reform, etc. By year's end, We the Parents reported more than $1.5 million in contributions, collected from fewer than 80 individuals and corporations (many of whom, coincidentally, had also given to CNAC and Alexander's '96 campaign). The TV spots (produced by a New Hampshire firm that also works for CNAC and Alexander for President) aired in 14 states—with Alexander as leading man. Sweetening the deal, since We the Parents and CNAC are totally unrelated to Alexander's campaign (stop laughing), none of their expenditures count toward the federal spending limit candidates must observe if they want to receive public matching funds.

To be sure, it's tough keeping the presidential momentum going for six-plus years. "I don't know how many more of these [campaigns] I have left in me," concedes Tom Rath, a New Hampshire-based political consultant who has been an Alexander man since '93. But it's not as if Alexander's ambitions haven't provided well for Rath and his family. After Alexander flamed out in '96, Rath, Young and Pignatelli simply redirected its energies to promoting CNAC until the 2000 race officially began.

Thus, Alexander's run is about much more than one out-of-work politician's relentless pursuit of the White House. In economic terms, the Alexander candidacy may have already done more for America than the Alexander presidency could ever do. •

Antitrust in the information age.

OPEN WINDOWS

By Michael A. Cusumano

A decision in the government's celebrated antitrust case against Microsoft is still weeks away, but because of the firm's pattern of anticompetitive behavior over the past few years—not to mention its legal blunders in the trial—there is already serious talk of remedy. And, if the most enthusiastic pursuers of Bill Gates have their way, this remedy will take the form of drastic action: breaking Microsoft into two or more "Baby Bills," just as the government did with AT&T almost two decades ago.

Yet, as one who has studied Microsoft as well as its competitors, I believe such a course would be unwise and counterproductive. (Full disclosure: I've also previously informally discussed the ideas in this article with the Justice Department's Antitrust Division.) Microsoft is one of the most successful companies in history and the leader of what may be the most significant new industry in any country. We should avoid any solution that permanently damages its ability to develop and deliver new products. The government's objective should be to curb Microsoft, not to cripple it.

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We need a workable standard of antitrust law suited to the information age—an era in which the old models of regulation don't easily fit. Computer and telecommunications technology has been evolving rapidly and unpredictably. Innovations like Java and the network computer appear with incredible hype, then fade quickly. Billion-dollar companies are stock market dynamos one day, disasters the next. Netscape just announced a merger with America Online, which is a polite way of saying that it will no longer exist—except as an AOL subsidiary—in a few months.

Another complicating factor in software is that there has been continual integration of what we once considered separate technical domains. At one time, it made sense to think of operating systems (like Windows) and communications software (like Internet browsers) and desktop applications (like word processors) as distinct products. But now Microsoft has embedded the browser as well as many other communications features and small applications like screen savers and word processing into Windows. And, from a user's point of view, it may make sense to have those in one package.

The high-tech industry's fast pace of innovation, combined with the industry's volatility, means that competitors are constantly ganging up on firms like Microsoft—and not just joining forces, but pushing the envelope of technology. In early March, for example, IBM, Motorola, Sun Microsystems, Lucent, and eleven other companies joined to create a new set of standards based on Sun's Java programming language. These standards would allow the creation of "smart" devices ranging from computers to washing machines. The same month, U.S. West teamed up with Network Computer Inc., a spin-off from Oracle, to offer a non-Windows system that will integrate television, telephones, and the Internet.

Bill Gates and his minions know this. (They learned the lesson well after they failed, before late 1995, to anticipate the Internet's impact on their industry.) And, for that reason, Microsoft doesn't act quite like a traditional monopoly. It spends a lot on research and development, to the point of sacrificing profits. More fundamentally, Microsoft simply doesn't think of itself as a monopoly, as the firm's defense arguments make clear.

And yet Microsoft is close to a monopoly by any ordinary definition. It controls about 90 percent of the market for desktop personal-computer operating systems and a large share of PC applications. In 1998, with just about 25,000 employees, Microsoft had sales of nearly $17 billion and ranked behind only Ford, General Electric, and Exxon—giant firms with more than 80,000 employees each—among U.S. companies in profits. While its position is not entirely secure, it has successfully used its leverage to thwart competition. The government has charged, for example, that Microsoft threatened to stop licensing Windows to vendors who promoted Netscape's competing browser; this move essentially would have put companies like Compaq and Dell out of business.

On the surface, dividing Microsoft into several smaller companies seems appealing. And, if Microsoft were broken up (Windows/Explorer/Exchange as one company, Office applications as another, Web content and publishing as another, tools and miscellaneous applications as another), this might indeed level the competitive playing field. A Microsoft applications company would be more innovative and faster-growing if it were not tied to the Windows group.

But it's not a given that breaking up Microsoft would have prevented the kind of alleged anti-competitive behavior that caused the lawsuit in the first place. Imagine that the government had split Microsoft into a systems company and an applications company back in 1994. That would not have prevented Microsoft from bundling its browser with the Windows operating system, nor would it have solved Netscape's problem, which prompted the antitrust suit. And, since most computers would still be using Windows, we'd still have the Windows "monopoly"—and Microsoft's unique ability to leverage this product in the future.

If the government had split Microsoft into more pieces and kept networking groups apart from the operating systems groups, then Microsoft would not have been able to bundle the browser. This move, though, would probably have been bad for users. There are many extremely useful features in Windows that might not have made it into the operating system under these conditions, such as the telephone dialing, local area networking, and fax features (which some people once considered applications). The lack of good networking features made MS-DOS (Microsoft's non-graphical operating system, which preceded Windows) and Windows 3.0 and 3.1 (the first widely used versions of the graphical Windows system, which Microsoft introduced during 1990–1992) extremely awkward systems for nonexperts to set up for any kind of dial-up function or networking.

The problem with a structural solution—indeed, any structural solution—is where to draw the line between divisions and how many lines to draw, because, again, it's so hard to know how those lines should look just a few years from now. Should Microsoft be two, three, four, or five separate companies? Any division of the company also suggests that integration of different technologies and products is bad for users, which it is not. After all, sometimes it's nice to have an Internet browser built into the desktop operating system. If the government uses this case to determine what high-tech companies will look like in the future, it will be undertaking an experiment that could damage not just Microsoft and its stockholders but the U.S. high-tech industry.

That's why the best course of action would be, simply, to seize the Microsoft case as an opportunity to clarify the rules of antitrust law in the high-tech era—to make clear, for Microsoft and its competitors alike, the boundaries of acceptable behavior. From there, the federal government should concentrate on educating Microsoft on how to abide by these rules, rather than stipulating precisely what the company should look like or attempt-

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ing to enforce unenforceable restrictions on how it does business. While there is a place for some intellectual property changes—for instance, forcing Microsoft to grant a Windows license to any computer manufacturer willing to pay for it—the focus must be on clarifying rules and educating the industry.

What would this mean in practice? Courts must declare exactly what it means to be a monopoly in the age of the Internet. Second, the government should have Microsoft appoint an executive who will direct its antitrust compliance—and it should require all Microsoft executives, group program managers, development managers, group product managers, and sales managers to undergo one- or two-day seminars annually on antitrust issues, the responsibilities of industry leadership, and Microsoft compliance in the past year. Third, the government should appoint a neutral industry council made up of representatives from Microsoft competitors, partners, customers, and academia. This council would work with Microsoft to clarify and, where necessary, advise the government on the firm's compliance.

To an outsider, this might not seem like much. But a reeducation of Microsoft executives and managers—along with a threat of more severe punishment if they don't play along—could succeed in promoting a more competitive environment while allowing Microsoft and its competitors to thrive. Managers like Bill Gates are practical. If the rules are clear, and they are convinced that the rules will be applied uniformly, they will stay within legal boundaries—even if they test the limits occasionally. They know it is in their interest. Fortunately, it's in ours, too.

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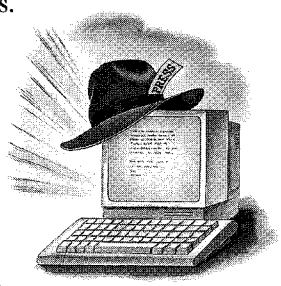
MOSCOW DISPATCH

HATEFUL

By Andrew Meier

Russia is once again in crisis. And once again the Jews are to blame. Or so an increasing number of Russians, including an alarming number of politically prominent Russians, are saying. Not only does anti-Semitism pervade party credos from Vladimir Zhirinovsky's misnamed "Liberal Democrats" to Viktor Anpilov's "Working Russia" party, but Jew-hatred is also the stuff of polite daily conversation in buses, kitchens, and, since last August's economic crash, bank lines. In early March, vandals sacked a synagogue in the Siberian city of Novosibirsk, trashing prayer books and smearing cigarette-ash swastikas onto the building's walls.

Confronted with these ugly realities, even many intelligent and well-behaved Russians simply shrug and ask, "What's new?" Moscow is, after all, a town that hosted a popular skinhead club called Buchenwald—until it, too, went bankrupt last year. And teenage devotees of the Black Hundreds—the pre-Bolshevik fascists—hold daily vigils in the streets. Moreover, anti-Semites have little trouble nesting on Russian websites. Go to the Black Hundreds website and you'll eventually find *Mein Kampf* in Russian.



"What's new?" indeed. Once upon a time, folks in the West still entertained the notion that post-Soviet Russia might be a different kind of country, one that had emerged from the crucible of communism with a hard-won democratic vocation. And, to be sure, you could almost say that the striking number of Jews who have risen to the top of Russian business and politics provides some evidence that the society has become more tolerant. Prime Minister Yevgeny Primakov heads the list of powerful Jews in Moscow. Though Primakov is loath to discuss his roots, he is widely thought to be Jewish. The man he succeeded, Sergei Kiriyenko, makes no secret of his Jewish ancestry—and is widely hated for having presided over last August's ruble devaluation. Vladimir Gusinsky, founder of Russia's largest private TV network and media group, heads the Russian Jewish Congress. And then there's the infamous tycoon Boris Berezovsky, who also happens to be Russia's most prominent political operator.

Yet the very prominence of these figures has made them the targets of demagogues—living proof that even anti-Jewish paranoids have enemies. The persistence of anti-Semitism—and the failure so far of the political system (even one in which so many Jews play a prominent role!) effectively to eliminate it from mainstream discourse—is one of many indicators that Russia's political culture may have been irretrievably envenomed by its history. At least that's what many of Russia's not-so-prominent Jews have concluded. The Israeli Embassy in Moscow reports a recent jump in requests to immigrate to the Jewish state; about 1,700 Russian Jews left in both December and January, almost double the pre-economic-crash monthly averages. The embassy says that about 15,000 Russian Jews move to Israel each year—out of a total Jewish population thought to number no more than half a million. Thousands more are exiting the Ukraine.

The current wave of anti-Semitic fulmination began not long after the ruble devaluation—specifically, on the first weekend in October, when nationalists and Communists marked the fifth anniversary of the 1993 revanchist revolt against Boris Yeltsin. That was when Albert Makashov, a retired general and a member of the Communist faction in the Russian parliament, called for Jews to be rounded up and "sent to the grave."

At first the liberals in the Duma, mired in a deep

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post-default depression, paid him scant attention. True, Galina Starovoitova, the liberal deputy from St. Petersburg, called vociferously for lifting Makashov's parliamentary immunity and prosecuting him under Russia's anti-hate speech laws. (When she was murdered just weeks later, her allies said an anti-Semitic pall hung over her death.) And a few parliamentarians did urge the Duma to condemn Makashov.

But the Communists, who make up the largest faction in the parliament, quashed the motion. Berezovsky took to the airwaves of ORT, the nominally state-owned television channel he controls, to call for the Communist Party to be banned. Yeltsin, in due course, stirred. He revived a feeble commission that was set up in 1995 to fight extremism. And his Justice Minister Pavel Krasheninnikov opened an investigation of Makashov's remarks. By now, the prosecutor's office has opened a criminal investigation of Makashov, but, still safe in his Communist-protected immunity, Makashov has answered with an even more outrageous public remark. At a February convention of Cossacks in southern Russia, he said of Russia's Jews: "They're so bold, so impudent, because we're sleeping.... It's because none of us has yet knocked on their doors or pissed on their windows. That's why they're such snakes and acting so bold."

The Communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov, tries to justify his party's position the old-fashioned way: it's all the fault, somehow, of the bourgeoisie. "Today the haters of Russia are trying hard to force the so-called Jewish Question on us," Zyuganov pleaded in a November statement. "It is not Communists but the servants of criminal capital who are the main organizers and instigators of a new wave of anti-Semitism in Russia." In December, Viktor Ilyukhin, the Communist chair of the Duma's security committee, told a Duma commission seeking to impeach Yeltsin that the Jews were responsible for the "genocide" of the Russian people (genocide being one of the five counts against the old man in the Kremlin). "The large-scale genocide would not have been possible if Yeltsin's entourage and the country's previous governments had consisted mainly of members of the indigenous peoples rather than members of the Jewish nation alone," Ilyukhin explained, "though that nation is without a doubt able, pragmatic, and has done much to benefit the Soviet Union."

Those Jews who've elected to stay may reason that Communist and nationalist grandstanders can yet be marginalized. (Ron Armon, the Israeli Embassy spokesman, notes that it is not clear whether the wave of emigration represents a permanent increase in the flow or a "seasonal" one.) A look at the first pages of post-Soviet history does provide some basis for this hope. In the late '80s, as glasnost loosened nationalist tongues, a number of anti-Semites stole the media limelight. Dmitri Vasiliev, an ex-photographer and bit actor, gained fame as the nominal head of Pamyat, a KGB front organization officially set up to restore monuments but which agitated instead for restoring Russia's (putatively once-extant) ethnic purity. The ex-Olympic weight lifter Yuri Vlasov gained a seat in the parliament on his nationalist rantings. More alarms were sounded about the Siberian writer Valentin Rasputin, who passed off his anti-Semitic revanchism as environmentalism. Then there was Viktor Alksnis, the "Black Colonel" from Latvia. Today, all of these Slavic David Dukes have drifted off the political stage.

Yet two anti-Semites from those days have only burrowed deeper into the political culture. One is Alexander Prokhanov, editor of the rabid broadsheet *Zavtra* (*Tomorrow*). The other is Alexander Barkashov, a pony-tailed, onetime Pamyat bodyguard who heads the fascist Russian National Unity (RNE) and shrieks about the "*bankir-buro*" that has raped the Motherland while his RNE brigades goose-step for Slavic supremacy in several regions. (The Novosibirsk vandals left the initials of the RNE burned into the synagogue's walls.) Barkashov and Prokhanov claim to be on opposite ends of the political spectrum. But they share the xenophobia that unites Russia's far left and far right. They loathe not just the Jews but all the "little people" who comprised in the Soviet days the mythic "brotherhood of nations"—the so-called *chyornie*, or blacks, as the peoples of the Caucasus and Central Asia are slurred in Russian. And, although last month the Moscow prosecutor's office opened a criminal case against Barkashov, and the RNE has earned the enmity of Mayor Yuri Luzhkov, Barkashov continues to gain influence and even boasts fans in the Interior Ministry who help outfit and train his brigades.

For his part, Prokhanov is the uncredited ideologue in Zyuganov's shadow Cabinet. At a December bash he threw—on Stalin's birthday—the guest of honor was Makashov. Prokhanov's readers and Barkashov's followers may number only a few thousand, but their hatred has infected hundreds of thousands more—if not millions. On Red Square one frigid afternoon last fall, I stood beside two men, stooped well into their seventies. The occasion was yet another nationalist-Communist protest rally. These two weren't heavy into medals or Stalin portraits, not the kind of folks you see in the papers. They looked like a nice pair, old-timers in the bleachers. "It's no coincidence, you know, they own our TV and radio and newspapers," said the first man. "Of course!" his friend replied. "The *zhidy* (Yids) are always where the money is! If they can control the news, all the better!" And, as the pensioners whined on about how the Jews in business and the media control the Jews in government who are, of course, out to destroy Russia, their arguments became increasingly surreal. "It's not just Gusinsky and Berezovsky, it's [Yegor] Gaidar, [Anatoly] Chubais, Kiriyenko...." the first man said. The second interrupted: "Kiriyenko at least admitted it! Gaidar! He's the worst Yid! [Boris] Nemtsov? Yid! Chubais? Yid!" Not to be outdone, the first man went for broke: "And Clinton? Yid, of course!"

ANDREW MEIER is Moscow correspondent for *Time* magazine.

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UNCONTROLLED EXPERIMENT

By Scott Stossel

By almost any measure, the United States is the world's scientific superpower. We spend more money—more government money, more industry money—on basic research than any other nation. U.S.-based scientists have won the vast majority of important science prizes, including more than two-thirds of the Nobel Prizes in physiology and medicine over the past 20 years. The United States is the best, too, at the application of science: we have eradicated more diseases, invented more new technologies, and synthesized more new materials than any country in history. Indeed, if the material existence of much of the world's population can be said to have improved over the last half-century, much of this improvement can be traced directly to basic research done originally in this country.

And yet, if you were to wake up one morning in a typical American research university laboratory, you probably wouldn't know what country you were in. In most labs, the smell of ethnic food and the sound of foreign tongues fill the air. Asian faces frequently outnumber the non-Asian, and the ethnic composition of some labs resembles the starting line of one of the more polyglot Olympic events. The laboratory of Li-Huei Tsai, at Massachusetts General Hospital, is typical. Her research team has recently consisted of one German, one Scot, one Swede, one Frenchwoman, one Italian, someone who is half-Serbian and half-British, and two Americans. Tsai herself, a professor of pathology at Harvard, is originally from Taiwan. Some labs—some whole departments—have not a single American citizen.

According to a recent report by the National Science Foundation (NSF), nearly a third of all students who earned their doctorates in the sciences—and more than *half* of all students who earned their doctorates in engineering—in this country between 1991 and 1995 came from foreign countries. The number of doctoral degrees awarded in engineering, math, and computer science nearly doubled between 1985 and 1995, and nearly all of this growth can be accounted for by the influx of foreign students.

Foreign nationals are also prevalent at higher levels. According to figures published last year in the Institute for International Education's annual *Open Doors* report, 1998 saw a five percent increase in the number of foreign scholars (defined as academics—post-doctoral appointees, visiting professors, or junior faculty—who are not working toward a degree) doing research in this country, 68 percent of them in the sciences. As of 1993, 37 percent of engineering professors and 27 percent of math and computer science professors were foreign-born.

What does all of this say about the practice of scientific research in this country? First, it signals that something is clearly working. From the perspective of scientific research, the U.S. system continues to function brilliantly. One major reason this country attracts scientists and aspiring scientists from all over is that our scientific resources and opportunities are the best in the world. Second, however, it also signals that something is clearly *not* working. Recent studies reveal growing disaffection among young scientists, who face more and more competition for teaching jobs. This in turn is discouraging American undergraduates from pursuing careers in research science, which could have negative implications for both our economy and our culture. Hence, the challenge: to adjust national science policy to fix what is not working while preserving what is.

The reliance on foreigners actually evolved from a well-designed system. In 1945, Vannevar Bush of the fledgling Office of Scientific Research and Development (OSRD) published *Science: The Endless Frontier*, which effectively became the blueprint for America's scientific research enterprise. The report proposed the creation of a set of agencies—like the NSF, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), and the National Institutes of Health (NIH)—that would provide a steady stream of funding to research institutions, which would in turn control their own projects and be responsible for training future scientists.

Two elements of this system have worked particularly well. First, American research universities combine cutting-edge research with teaching and doctoral research training. As a result, principal investigators—the faculty members who run their own labs—have been able to attract talented individuals to their research

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teams with small stipends. Under the implicit agreement between professor and student, in exchange for providing cheap labor the student will get the training and credentials necessary to become a principal investigator with his or her own lab. Second, using "peer review" to determine which grant requests to fund ensures that research is funded meritocratically. In Germany or India, by contrast, scientists of a certain vintage have generally been guaranteed a base level of funding regardless of merit; financial support in American science goes, at least in theory, toward the most promising research.

But here's where the part of the system that works blends into the part that doesn't work. In 1957, the Soviet Union's launching of Sputnik set off a panicked increase in science funding. The result was a nine percent annual increase in the number of science doctorates awarded between 1959 and 1971. This led to a creeping decline in the quality of American students entering the field, because, in order to fill all the new slots during this period of rapid growth, science had to become less selective. By 1970, the best students had already been taken, along with the second-best—leaving only the mediocre students. In order to keep their labs stocked with enough high-quality research talent to sustain scientific growth, universities began to recruit abroad. By the late '60s, foreign nationals had grown to 25 percent of all the doctoral students in the sciences, math, and engineering.

This was only the beginning. Flush with funding in the '60s, universities overstaffed their faculties. In the early '70s, however, job opportunities for science Ph.D.s dried up, as universities struggled to absorb the glut of researchers taken on in the '60s. Growth in federal funding for graduate fellowships slowed; graduate student stipends, never princely, failed to keep pace with inflation. The post-doctoral appointment became more common, largely as a mechanism for assimilating the graduate-level scientists who couldn't find faculty positions. Declining pay and job prospects, in turn, increasingly turned American undergraduates away from science. According to *American Professors: A National Resource Imperiled*, a 1986 book by Howard R. Bowen and Jack H. Schuster, between 1945 and 1969 1.2 times as many Phi Beta Kappa members chose careers in business, law, and medicine as careers in academia. By the '70s, the study found, *five times* as many students did.

To compensate, domestic research institutions continued to look abroad. Not only were foreigners willing to work for low wages—but they were, on balance, better qualified. The literature on immigration suggests that, at all strata of society, the people who immigrate are the relative elite; after all, you have to be highly motivated to uproot yourself from your family and culture in search of a better opportunity. And as David North reported in his 1995 book *Soothing the Establishment: The Impact of Foreign-Born Scientists and Engineers on America*, U.S. graduate schools actually discriminate against foreigners, meaning only the brightest get in.

An unpublished study by Sharon Levin (a professor of economics at the University of Missouri) and Paula Stephan (the associate dean of Georgia State University) bears this out. They found that, while the foreign-born represented only 20.4 percent of the physical scientists in this country in 1980 (and fewer than nine percent of the overall U.S. population), they constituted 26.7 percent of the membership in the prestigious National Academy of Science (NAS) in that field. And, while they constitute only 15.4 percent of the life-science population, the foreign-born comprise 29 percent of the most cited authors in the life sciences between 1980 and 1990.

Given that foreign graduate students must be both highly motivated and talented to win admission to American programs—and given that, once here, many foreigners concentrate on their work as a means of coping with feelings of cultural and social isolation—it's perhaps not surprising that they produce so disproportionately well. And there is an additional motivating factor: residency here is contingent on the good graces of the principal investigator who sponsors the visa.

From a national economic perspective, foreign graduate students represent a net gain. A 1984 Brookings Institution study found that the total value transferred to the United States by the immigration of scientists and engineers between 1950 and 1975 was $8.6 billion per year. And a 1996 report by the National Academy of Engineering concluded that "foreign students and long-term visiting researchers are an indispensable asset to U.S. university and federal laboratory research."

What's more, the majority of foreign nationals who study here remain in the country after graduation, paying taxes and contributing to the economy. Statistics just published by the NSF reveal that 57 percent of Chinese and 59 percent of Indians in doctoral programs intend to settle here indefinitely and that 63 percent of all foreign-born students who earned science or engineering Ph.D.s between 1988 and 1996 planned to settle here, as well. A study by Michael Finn at the Oak Ridge Institute for Science and Education in Tennessee found that 79 percent of the Indians and 88 percent of the Chinese who received science doctorates in 1991 were still working here in 1995.

Even when foreign students do return home, the American economy may still benefit. The National Academy of Engineering reports that, for example, the entire energy establishment of South Korea may be "run by graduates of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and MIT and that all senior civil engineering experts in the People's Republic of China are Cornell graduates." If true, these countries will be more likely to call on U.S. companies for equipment and technology, thereby contributing to our GDP.

There is always the possibility, of course, that a foreigner will take specific research findings to his home country and use them to beat American companies in the race to market a product. In fact, the public dissem-

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ination of research findings that is an integral part of the system makes our scientific enterprise easy to exploit economically. But, as long as the United States continues to dominate pharmaceutical and high-tech trade, this should not be a major concern. (And, to the extent that it is a concern, it is a matter of trade policy, not science policy.)

But that doesn't mean reliance on foreign students is an unqualified good. First, there is the issue of national security: sometimes giving foreign nationals access to cutting-edge scientific research indeed means exposing the United States to high-tech espionage. Just recently, Wen Ho Lee, a Taiwan-born scientist working at Los Alamos National Laboratory, was fired because the FBI suspects he may have been providing nuclear secrets to China. To be sure, most of what a rogue state would need to synthesize nuclear or chemical weapons is already in the public domain. And, while MIT, for example, does do lots of Pentagon-subsidized defense research, the classified work is done not at the university proper but rather at affiliated facilities with restricted access. (Only cleared U.S. citizens are allowed without an escort.) An MIT graduate student in computer science told me: "Could a foreign country send a spy to infiltrate MIT as a student? Sure. But anything the spy learned would become known publicly shortly anyway, and it really wouldn't be a big deal." Still, Wen Ho Lee's case gives many people pause, both for its national security implications and for the possibility that foreign-born U.S. citizens may be wrongly accused of "dual loyalty."

There is also the question of whether foreigners' willingness to work for less tends to depress the wages of American scientists. Unions have protested the recent temporary raising of the ceiling on H1-B visas—which permit skilled foreign workers to enter the country when sponsored by an American company—from 65,000 to 115,000 annually. And it's not hard to find engineers who claim to have been replaced by cheaper immigrants or that the presence of foreign scientists and engineers at high-tech firms has lowered American incomes in that field.

In fact, this may not be as much of a problem as it first appears—at least in the private sector. David North, for example, was surprised to find that foreigners who stay in the United States after their education are actually slightly *better* paid than their American counterparts. Data from both the NAS and NSF bear this out, showing that foreign-born scientists and engineers earned higher salaries than their native-born counterparts who received their degrees in the same year. (This makes sense given evidence suggesting the foreign-born are also more productive.) Though American private industry does have a disproportionate number of foreign-born workers toiling in scientific jobs—and U.S. corporations are continually lobbying Congress to raise the number of skilled-worker visas granted—private corporations are for now relatively less dependent on the non-native-born than academia. (That may change over time, of course. Many firms in Silicon Valley and Massachusetts's Route 128 loop are heavily foreign, and, as graduate schools continue to produce disproportionate numbers of non-native Ph.D.s, the scientific labor pool in this country will have an increasingly international complexion—particularly in fields like biotechnology, where the links between academia and industry are especially direct. Of course, most of these people will also become U.S. citizens.)

It's also true that some unethical "consulting companies" have figured out illegal ways of getting around visa restrictions, bringing Third World workers into the country as "tourists" and then putting them to work as cheap contract labor for Fortune 500 companies that need low-level applied research. This sort of thing is especially prevalent in the computer programming industry and probably does depress wages. But this is a generic challenge posed by free trade. Like Algerians sweeping streets in Paris or Mexicans cleaning toilets in Los Angeles, Indians doing computer programming are a cheap alternative to American labor. These workers by and large do not have highly specialized skills, and federal regulations are supposed to ensure that foreign workers are not generally allowed into the country unless they are not going to be displacing American workers or lowering American wages. Strengthening—and enforcing—skilled-worker visa restrictions will help reduce the burdens on native-born scientists and engineers working for private companies.

In academia, however, the situation is different. The NIH sets the basic funding minimums for research and training grants, partly to prevent principal investigators from lowballing labor costs in order to make their grant proposals more competitive. Yet, today, most graduate students earn less than $20,000 per year, and most postdocs earn less than $30,000—substantially less than what many of their U.S. college classmates are earning at the same stage of life with just their bachelor's degrees. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the willingness of so many foreign students to live on modest stipends perpetuates a depressed wage scale. This creates a vicious circle: undergraduates see the low wages and scant job opportunities (not to mention the relative rigor of science courses compared to those in the humanities and social sciences) and shy away from science.

Of course, some would say that the real problem is that U.S. schools are not producing enough students capable of high-level science. But, in national assessments of math and science, American students are performing as well as 25 years ago, before the steepest decline in native representation in U.S. science began. Indeed, nine- and 13-year-olds are performing better in math and science than they did in 1973, while the performance of 17-year-olds has remained about the same. And, while the average American student may not be as well trained in math as the average educated European or Asian (though most studies show American students compare well on tests of science), this is partly because public education in

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this country is universal—meaning everybody, even the least able, figures into the test-score calculations.

Indeed, while deficiencies in our secondary and undergraduate science teaching might play a modest role in our nonproduction of scientists—and some longtime science professors aver that the declining quality of undergraduates, for whom the number and rigor of science courses have declined, plays a large role—the real problem seems to be that our best students are not choosing science because they don't see it as an attractive career option. "My daughter says to me, 'Daddy, it takes seven years to get a Ph.D. and then three or four years for a postdoc,' " says Michael Teitelbaum, a demographer at the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, who has studied this issue. " 'I'd rather do modern dance.' A J.D., in contrast, makes you a full-fledged professional in three years, with greater earning potential than you'd ever have as a scientist."

Talented college graduates from China or India, on the other hand, have fewer options. They would have to pay their own way to an American J.D. or MBA; only a tiny few could afford that. They can't get jobs in the United States without a work permit. But they can apply to an American graduate school and get their tuition paid—and get a $15,000 annual stipend, which is considerably more than even the average college-educated Chinese or Indian could expect to earn at home. American Ph.D. programs are also a gateway to permanent residence; if an international student stays seven years or more, he or she has a good chance of getting naturalized.

In American labs, you'll find Chinese surgeons who have left family and prestigious positions back home in order to get a Ph.D. among students half their age. You'll find foreign postdocs who win their lab positions here by telling their principal investigators that they have funding from external sources when actually they don't—so that once here they have to work illegally at jobs like dishwashing or gypsy-cab driving. Many developing countries encourage (and pay for) their scientists to come here, understanding either that they'll return with knowledge of the American system they can apply back home or that they'll stay, providing a connection in the United States that might help them win business in the future or serve as a helpful contact for future students.

On balance, this might not sound so bad. Americans don't want these jobs, but talented foreigners do. Medical and scientific problems, like physical laws, are universal—who cares who solves them or where? Yet what happens if China's economy continues to grow at its current, turbocharged rate? Job opportunities there will proliferate, living standards will improve—and at some point the United States might find that many of its physicists or civil engineers have gone home. What happens if war breaks out between India and Pakistan, or between North and South Korea? The United States might suddenly find its flow of new research manpower in biology and chemistry severely constricted. And we've already seen what happens when a global economic crisis suddenly devalues the currency of developing countries in East Asia, leaving them unable to continue funding their graduate students abroad. Graduate school deans have been getting letters from the Thai Embassy, requesting tuition waivers for the graduate students those countries had been partially subsidizing. This has caused real problems on the West Coast, where these students are prevalent: How do you house and feed them when their money from home becomes effectively worthless but visa requirements prohibit their taking additional jobs?

Moreover, despite all the rhetoric about math being a universal language, you need to be able to speak English in order to teach American students. And while most graduate programs require that international students demonstrate English competency in order to gain admission, many native-born undergraduates cannot understand their teaching assistants, especially in math and engineering (which may be one reason that so few Americans continue science studies through college).

But the real problem with the foreign influx is that it has successfully masked a fundamental flaw in the way the United States produces scientists. The American system of research and training operates on the implicit assumption that research funding will *always* be growing. Consider that the typical principal investigator requires, say, ten researchers for her lab and has the grant funding to cover that many. Her ability to hire ten good researchers is predicated less on financial incentives than on her ability to assure her lab team that they'll get faculty positions in the future. Let's say she succeeds in holding up her end of the bargain, and all ten go on to get their own labs, each with ten researchers of their own. Unless a huge number of older labs suddenly disappear, the system won't work without a large net increase in the available funding.

American science, in other words, is based on a Ponzi scheme. As long as research funding increases, the system works. Between 1985 and 1994, university-based scientific research received funding increases of nearly $1 billion per year. (The explosion in the number of Ph.D. students, postdocs, and foreign scholars at all levels of American science tracks this funding trajectory fairly closely.) But, when funding levels stabilize, the system breaks down. This is what happened in the early '70s: there was a glut of scientists with no place to go. If it hadn't been for the expanding reservoir of postdoctoral positions, many of these people would have had to leave science entirely.

Now even that reservoir is overflowing. According to a recent article by Elizabeth Marincola and Frank Solomon in *Molecular Biology of the Cell*, "Biomedical science is experiencing a 'Malthusian Crisis': a pyramidal growth in trainees which is generating demand for jobs and funding that outpaces even the impressive growth

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in federal funding of biomedical research." The way to correct this problem is simple but expensive: stop holding out the hope of faculty positions for young scientists, and raise the wage level of lab researchers. But the availability of high-quality foreign labor gives research institutions no incentive to do this. After all, the NIH, like the NSF, has an ambiguous mandate: it is supposed to support the interests of American science as well as the interests of basic science generally. It's clearly in the interest of science generally to let foreigners in; that keeps labor costs down and allows more experiments to be funded. But it may not be in the interest of *American* science to do this, since admitting large numbers of foreigners indirectly convinces at least some Americans to stay out.

One reason this problem hasn't gotten public attention is that scientists and graduate students are not a very effective political constituency. (Universities and high-tech companies are, but, again, their interest in cheap labor means their interests are often not congruent with those of researchers.) The first step in remedying the problem is to air the concerns of scientists and graduate students, not only for the benefit of aspiring American researchers but also for the benefit of the taxpayers who are helping finance foreign graduate students at their state universities. The second step is to regulate the flow of foreign scientists more carefully. Some of this can be done at the federal level through immigration policy. But the hard decisions are going to have to be made at the university level; that's where the decisions about which scholars come into the country get made.

C.W. "Bud" Minkel, dean of the graduate school at the University of Tennessee, is one of the few university administrators who have attempted to do this. While careful to disavow anything that smacks of "quotas," Minkel has set up what he calls "guidelines" for his department chairs: foreign graduate students should not compose more than 20 percent of a department, and there should not be too many students from a single country. If a department's international composition rises above 25 percent, Minkel will speak to the chair and insist that each additional foreigner be justified on a case-by-case basis. Over the vociferous objections of his department chairs, who complain that they will not be able to fill their research assistantships with talented people, Minkel's guidelines have worked (with, Minkel says, no perceptible decline in quality). No department is currently much more than 20 percent foreign.

But even Minkel concedes that, if he were running a science department, he would want to recruit freely from abroad. Ultimately, the system will not be fixed until somebody alters the costs and benefits of a career in science for U.S. citizens. Under the current system of incentives, graduate school is a much more attractive option for a foreigner than for an American. "This is not a case of gross labor abuse," says Michael Teitelbaum. "Principal investigators are not out to 'exploit' foreign labor. They're just operating in the context of the incentive structure" in which foreign students provide the best, cheapest option. To its credit, the NIH recently raised the starting post-doctoral research fellowship from $22,000 to $26,000, which in percentage terms is a substantial increase. Still, as long as the average postdoc position (requiring ten years of higher education) pays less than the average auto assembly job, all but the most altruistic of America's best and brightest will pursue alternative career options.

Working in scientific research needs to be made into a viable middle-class career trajectory. To that end, a recent study by the National Research Council (NRC) recommended that the number of Ph.D. trainees be more carefully regulated and that prospective graduate students be better informed about their job options. The NRC study also recommends that master's programs in the sciences be strengthened and used to produce highly skilled lab technicians who will help alleviate the Ph.D. glut. The current system of training and research, in which Ph.D. students multiply like rabbits, is unsustainable. But if master's of science degrees became tickets to permanent lab positions that started at, say, $35,000, then you could have people starting in professional positions at age 23. Many might choose this over staying in school till age 35 and then graduating to jobs that pay considerably less than $35,000, with no guarantee of a permanent position in the future. By establishing a permanent class of highly educated technicians, principal investigators would also worry less about always having to train so many new researchers. More important, as the supply of Ph.D.s shrank, principal investigators would be better able to honor their implicit contracts of work-cheap-for-me-now-and-you'll-be-assured-your-own-lab-later. And, as independent researcher positions became more plentiful relative to the number of Ph.D. holders, the average time spent in graduate school would come down again, reducing the cost of a graduate degree.

Fundamentally, science is an international enterprise. As transportation and communication technologies (especially the Internet) effectively shorten distances between countries, it becomes even more so. Between 1981 and 1995, while total science-article output grew by 20 percent, the number of articles with international coauthors grew by 200 percent. We should be exceedingly wary of arresting this trend. Any limit placed on the number of foreign scientists that are allowed into this country could have significant economic and scientific costs—and could, moreover, signal a reactionary resistance to international cooperation in general. But, unless something is done to adjust our system of research and training, we may ultimately endanger our claim to national scientific excellence. Somehow, we must find the proper way to balance international interdependence with development and encouragement of our domestic talent—all in all, a fitting parable for the global economy. •

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COLOR BIND

By Tamar Jacoby

The weather was unmistakably Californian, and the venue looked modern enough: a state-of-the-art convention center in Santa Clara, in the heart of Silicon Valley. But the demonstration last summer—60 noisy protesters carrying placards and chanting slogans—was straight out of the Deep South, circa 1960. "Intel is not 'inside' low-income and minority communities," one picketer proclaimed as the protesters circled the sunny courtyard, vying for the attention of the computer scientists entering the trade fair in the hall. "Intel, Intel, you're no good," another chant went. "Bring computers in the 'hood!"

It was a small demonstration, but, for civil rights groups in California and beyond, it marked the opening of a new frontier: the battle to close the "digital divide" between an increasingly computer-literate mainstream and the people of color who, it is claimed, are once again being left out. The activists' long list of complaints begins with hiring practices. According to *The San Francisco Chronicle*, which ran a much-discussed series on the issue about a year ago, only four percent of those who work in Silicon Valley's trademark high-tech companies are black, and only seven percent are Hispanic—about half of what the figures would be if they were proportional to the local population. Though many California computer firms are government contractors, most do not meet federally mandated goals for minority hiring. In the past decade, more than a dozen have been cited for affirmative action violations, and several, including Apple, have paid hefty fines.

Spurred by the *Chronicle* series, community groups have organized to demand more minority hiring, more contracting out to minority-owned businesses, more diverse boards of directors, and corporate environments that show more "respect for cultural differences"—not just in Silicon Valley but in information-technology (I.T.) companies nationwide. Groups like the Rainbow/PUSH Coalition and the Greenlining Institute (a major player in the fight against redlining in California) are pressuring Intel and Microsoft. They and others lobbied heavily in Congress last summer to block a bill, eventually passed, that significantly increased the number of foreign high-tech workers to be admitted to the country this year as immigrants. Black intellectuals are starting to show interest in the question; *The Atlantic Monthly* recently ran a ruminative piece, by poet Anthony Walton, about why blacks as a group are suspicious of technology. And, in December, Jesse Jackson joined the battle, using the occasion of a Federal Communications Commission hearing to denounce "segregation" in the high-tech sector.

The rhetoric is overheated and the tactics possibly counterproductive, but Jackson and his allies are onto something: blacks are woefully underrepresented not just in I.T. but, far more broadly and fatefully, in science—in the research, teaching, and commercial uses of every scientific discipline. Blacks account for roughly twelve percent of the U.S. workforce but only four percent of the doctors and five percent of the jobs in engineering, computer science, and scientific research. The gap arises early in life, with blacks scoring on average more than 200 points lower than whites on the math section of the SAT. A citywide test last year in Boston revealed an even starker contrast: while nearly 30 percent of eleventh-grade whites were "proficient" or "advanced" in grade-level math, only two percent of blacks were. In higher education, the picture looks even bleaker: blacks earn only five percent of the bachelor's degrees in science and engineering and only two percent of the doctorates in related fields. And the vast majority of blacks with any scientific inclination go into medicine rather than hard-science fields like physics or chemistry.

If the past 30 years have taught us anything, it is the folly of aiming for proportional representation by race and ethnicity. Few fields attract all types of people (or both genders) equally, and, even if they did, experience and aptitude often make some groups more successful than others in a given area at a given time. But the large and alarming gap that persists today between black and white achievement in all areas of science is far more than a temporary proportional skew—and, in the long run, it can only spell disaster for black America. By 2000, 60 percent of all U.S. jobs will require technical skills. There are currently close to 200,000 unfilled jobs in the computer industry alone—a field expected to generate

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more than a million new openings by 2006. No wonder the industry wants to import more foreign workers and even community colleges are scrambling to prepare graduates for entry-level work in the high-tech sector.

To be sure, this problem has been apparent for a long time, and there has been no shortage of attempts to deal with it. It was in the early '70s that corporate America first noticed the shortfall of black engineers: then, they accounted for only one percent of the total. The reason seemed obvious enough—blacks' historical exclusion not just from scientific careers but also from ordinary educational opportunities—and together government and industry resolved to remedy both problems as quickly as possible. No effort was spared in the ensuing campaign—nothing short of an all-out push by some of the most powerful institutions in the country. The National Science Foundation (NSF) and the National Institutes of Health (NIH) mobilized their massive grant-making machines. The nation's largest and most visible corporate donors vowed significant support, both in cash—for scholarships—and outreach efforts. Engineering schools and other universities began to develop specialized minority programs, and—all the way down the education chain—enterprising teachers experimented with ways to interest the youngest black children in math and science. Altogether, over the past 25 years, more than $20 million has been spent on scholarships by the three most concerned industry giants (Exxon, IBM, and G.E.) alone—and upward of $3 billion by the NSF and NIH.

Their efforts have not been fruitless: the number of black engineering graduates has just about tripled in this period. But the total is still disappointing. "Nowhere is the promise for minorities greater than in engineering," says an anguished George Campbell Jr., president and CEO of the nonprofit National Action Council for Minorities in Engineering (NACME). "We've made progress, but the gains are tenuous, and now, for a variety of reasons, black engineering enrollment is declining. We can't afford this. Think of the costs to society—a society divided into technological haves and have-nots."

In today's polarized race debate, one hears a wide array of explanations for this black-white gap. Liberals tend to talk about discrimination—in school, in college, and in the workplace. Conservatives, who use words like "discipline" and "achievement," believe that the problem is more internal (rooted in psychology and motivation) than external (the result of racism). Some people in the education establishment think the explanation may be as simple as lack of exposure to science in early grades. But an increasing number of experts on both sides of the ideological divide now talk about the role of culture. Most use the term without racial connotation to mean the culture of hard work and accomplishment. But a few—and not only Afrocentric activists who differentiate between white and black learning styles—think there may be something about "black culture" or black attitudes that is preventing black people from doing well at science.

Some of these cultural arguments seem more suggestive than others. Economist Thomas Sowell, for one, speculates that Africa's long history of geographical isolation hampered its cultural development. Still other cultural explanations hold that the problem is less aptitude than interest. Whether because of past exclusion or maybe the way technological innovation historically has been used against blacks (examples include iron shackles, compasses—necessary for transatlantic slave crossings—and the cotton gin), today's African Americans aren't drawn to science and don't want to excel at it. Nigerian anthropologist John Ogbu, now at the University of California at Berkeley, believes that blacks avoid success in science because, like schooling in general, it means "acting white." "People think of math and science as something that white males do," Ogbu says, "and for a black to succeed in these disciplines raises questions about his or her membership in their own group—about their racial solidarity and black identity. This can be conscious or unconscious, but it leads to avoidance of math courses and low effort."

Suggestive and wildly speculative alike, all of these theories are just that—still untested and unproven. Perhaps as a result, the search for "why" is being overshadowed by a competition among remedies. For civil rights activists and others who think the gap is caused by continuing racism, the solution is obvious: more effort on the part of mainstream society. The picketers at the Santa Clara trade fair made this case when they demanded that Intel "close the digital divide"—as if one company, even a company as big and powerful as Intel, could simply solve the problem overnight by hiring enough people or committing more resources.

Greenlining, Rainbow/PUSH, and the black education establishment agree on a familiar list of what is wrong. I.T. companies don't do enough to hire and retain minority scientists; despite the efforts of the past 25 years, universities haven't figured out how to find or train black students; the rollback of affirmative action proves how little white America cares; most teachers don't expect enough of the blacks in their classrooms; and academia continues to rely on allegedly biased standardized tests.

If only it were that simple—and if only the solution were so readily at hand. In truth, if the extraordinary effort of the past 25 years has demonstrated anything, it is the limit of what politics and money—and affirmative action—can do to help black would-be scientists help themselves up the ladder of achievement. Outreach, scholarships, and retention programs have made a difference at many college campuses and corporate R&D departments. But a number of signs suggest that most of those who can be helped in this way are already benefiting—and that it will take a whole new kind of effort to help any significant number of others. As it is, not many young blacks emerge from high school with the qualifications to make it in higher-level science. Not only are their SAT scores often lacking, but no more than six

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percent have taken the courses, like precalculus and physics, necessary to prepare them for a technical major. (Alarmingly enough, among nonminority kids, only 15 percent have taken these subjects.) And the few minorities who are prepared get a lot of help to go further.

This assistance comes in many shapes and forms. Organizations like NACME scour the United States for minority students they think could succeed in engineering school, then provide them with full scholarships, paid summer internships, and the possibility of jobs with companies like Exxon and IBM. Other young blacks who show an early aptitude in math or science spend one or more summers in their high school years at one of the many intensive "bridge courses" sponsored by engineering schools and other universities. When they get to college, most of these lucky few are contacted by administrators of yet other enrichment and counseling programs who guide them through undergraduate school and, when possible, beyond. At all but a very few schools, these outreach and retention efforts go hand in hand with extensive admissions preferences. But, even with this help, only a third of the minority students who arrive at college intending to major in engineering end up earning that degree (compared with 60 percent of Asian and white kids).

The limits of what mainstream goodwill and affirmative action can do are even clearer in the corporate world. Poor science education and an ebbing of interest in engineering among all Americans have left the I.T. industry with a desperate shortage of employees, and most young people who come out of college prepared for high-tech work are deluged with offers. Recruiters and college officials say this is even truer for blacks than for whites, as the story of Kyra Massey, a young, black mechanical engineer recently profiled in *Fortune*, confirms. Well before she graduated with a bachelor's degree from Florida A&M University, Massey was offered a $42,000-a-year entry-level job at AlliedSignal, and within nine months she received two other, more lucrative offers, before accepting a $50,000 package from Hewlett-Packard. "If you find a black engineer or a female engineer, everybody wants her," says Cara Finn, vice president of employee services at Silicon Valley's Remedy Corporation. Big firms like Exxon, G.E., and IBM offer huge signing bonuses both for new minority recruits and for existing minority employees who help bring them in. Then, when the newcomers arrive at the company, the human resources department typically spends a small fortune trying to raise the odds that they'll stay, fighting notoriously high minority attrition rates with counseling, mentoring, and firm-sponsored minority networks.

It's true, as critics charge, that Silicon Valley firms rarely make the kind of heroic recruitment or retention efforts familiar at larger, older corporations. Many California companies are new and struggling, in a highly competitive business, and few can afford employees who cannot carry their weight. But it's also true that most of these enterprises, often founded in the last few decades by iconoclastic baby boomers, have no history of the kind of discrimination that is usually thought to justify affirmative action. More important still, the high-tech industry is one of the world's purest meritocracies. "If you're good, you get hired," says David Ellington, cofounder and CEO of the black Internet service NetNoir, "and on the whole that makes Silicon Valley less racist than the rest of society."

But even the hardest-nosed I.T. entrepreneurs recognize the need to include more blacks in the growing mass of computer-literate Americans, and many companies are searching for new ways to reach out, largely through education programs. Microsoft, which has given $24 million for minority education in the past five years, is now the largest contributor to the United Negro College Fund, with Sybase, a software developer, and Hewlett-Packard not far behind. Intel's efforts are no less impressive. The giant chip maker funds summer programs for minority high school and college students; it gives generously to both four-year and community colleges, neighborhood computer labs, and science presentations in public schools—all targeted whenever possible to women and people of color.

The big idea here is enlarging what's called the "pipeline"—preparing a larger number of people who will eventually be able to do the work in the I.T. industry. Instead of a thumb on the scale or a color-coded double standard, this approach involves a long-term commitment to education and development of minority talent. It will probably be more expensive than preferences and will surely take longer. But it holds out the promise of solving the problem rather than merely papering over it, as affirmative action mainly does.

Of course, some pipeline programs are better than others, and it's not clear that educators are zeroing in on what really works. A lot of the big Silicon Valley companies have focused on putting high-tech equipment in the hands of minority students. But education experts are increasingly skeptical that this is the answer—especially for the all too many minority kids in failing schools who are not learning how to read or do basic arithmetic. Many pipeline programs are driven by untested ideological premises, such as the idea that black students can learn only from black teachers or that their "learning style" is somehow fundamentally different from that of other kids. It doesn't help that most of the efforts are poorly evaluated, if at all.

Still, a few things are known. The programs that are most successful at producing black scientists are at historically black colleges and universities. Though they enroll only 25 percent of black college students, these schools grant 40 percent of black science and engineering degrees, and they account for six of the ten undergraduate schools that send the largest number of blacks on to earn science doctorates. Private and public, small and large, these colleges vary enormously—making it difficult to generalize. Yet, if Xavier University of

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Louisiana is any guide, the key is an emphasis on basics—both the basics of science and the basics of how to get through college.

A small school with a modest endowment and entering freshmen who are relatively poorly prepared, Xavier combines support services with rigorous academic standards. Introductory chemistry and biology courses set the tone. The faculty members have created their own textbooks, which walk students step by step through subjects, introducing basic vocabulary, emphasizing and reemphasizing key concepts, even dictating exactly how to work problems. "These kids need to learn some basic things before branching out," pre-med adviser J.W. Carmichael explains. "I don't leave anything out. I take them through every single detail.... People say we're hand-holding. Yeah, we are, particularly in the early years."

Xavier's rules of conduct also stress the fundamentals—discipline is intense and unyielding—but it is in the area of mentoring and counseling that Xavier's effort is most evident, completing what some educators call the "socialization" of the students, many of whom are the first in their families to go to college. Counselors guide their charges through every aspect of campus life, from how to register for their first classes through applications for jobs and professional schools. Academic advisers meet weekly with underclassmen. Free tutoring is available and encouraged. At Florida A&M, or FAMU, also a historically black school, the socialization includes a dress code and instruction in how to introduce yourself to strangers, as well as extensive exposure to the manners and morals of corporate life. By the time they graduate, both Xavier and FAMU students have learned how to learn, and their discipline and work habits pay off handsomely—particularly in science. FAMU is a favorite recruiting ground for corporations looking for both engineers and business majors, and, in 1998, for the sixth straight year, tiny Xavier sent more black students to medical school than any other college in America.

Integrated institutions have pipeline programs for black students, too—and they have done much to help people like Michèle de Coteau, a Berkeley engineering graduate and Rhodes scholar. A working-class child from a poor section of San Francisco, de Coteau showed an early aptitude for math, and, when she got to high school, she was recruited to take part in special summer courses that brought kids to the Berkeley campus to do more advanced, intensive work. At another summer program at the renowned Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, she got her first taste of research and learned to fill out a college application. Then, when she got to Berkeley, de Coteau was one of the first participants in a pioneering enrichment course created by mathematician Uri Treisman, now at the University of Texas at Austin and something of a guru in the pipeline movement.

Like most pipeline interventions, Berkeley's offers a wide array of services: financial aid, counseling, mentoring, summer study, research opportunities, and more. But its most touted feature is the series of workshops that Treisman developed in the late '70s to help the large number of minority students that he noticed washing out of freshman math and science courses—which are usually big, intimidating classes where professors encourage the brightest kids and leave the others to fall behind. Building on the insight that black students at Berkeley seemed unusually isolated—unlike Asian students, they didn't study in groups and seemed to keep their social lives separate from what they did in the classroom—Treisman put together a multiracial group of two dozen freshmen for an extra, intensive section of calculus, where he encouraged them to study together. Cannily, he made sure that nothing about the class suggested it was remedial; on the contrary, all of what he calls the "theater" surrounding the seminar told students that they were in for an extra challenge and that they were expected to excel. Twenty years later, Treisman's workshops are still the hottest idea in minority science education, and they have been imitated at more than 150 institutions.

The imitations vary widely, but all involve small groups, extensive mentoring, and a culture of high expectations; and most aim to give black students an extra boost just before or during the intimidating freshman courses that are the all-important "gateway" to further science study. It is a combination that seems to produce impressive results. Eighty percent of Treisman's students in Texas earn Bs or better in freshman calculus. (At Berkeley in the '70s, before he started his workshops, 60 percent of blacks came away from a similar course with Ds and Fs—if they didn't simply drop out.) Stanford, MIT, and the University of Maryland's Baltimore County campus all have their own successful versions of the program, and one of the best, at Georgia Tech, has eliminated the performance gap between black and white engineering students.

Without more rigorous independent evaluation, it's hard to say exactly why these programs work. Some advocates think it's the watchful counseling, not unlike the hand-holding at Xavier, that seems to be especially important for kids whose parents haven't been to college and don't have middle-class attitudes toward education. Other minority educators stress the teachers' high expectations, something even good black students like de Coteau do not always experience in other classrooms. Most persuasive for an outside observer is the programs' culture of discipline and accomplishment. De Coteau and her fellow students learned that, if they worked hard, they could succeed. They experienced, perhaps for the first time, the way achievement can be its own reward and tasted the intoxicating self-confidence that comes only with effort and hard-won success. Yet, surprisingly, this is not what de Coteau emphasizes about her experience at Berkeley. Instead, like Treisman himself, she believes that what really mattered was the esprit

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de corps that developed among her black and Hispanic classmates, who learned from one another that it was possible for them to do well in science—even as well as the Asian and white kids they saw excelling in their gateway courses. "Without the close friends I made there," she says, "I never would have made it. We inspired each other. We felt we were all in it together. It wasn't us against the white kids. But it was important to affirm ourselves and not get intimidated."

The success of Treisman's programs and those at historically black colleges leads back, then, to the loaded question of race and culture: Is there something specifically racial about blacks' failure to do well in science—something that can best be remedied by a race-conscious solution? Many educators and successful black scientists insist not: the answer, they argue, is better teaching—for black students of all ages as well as for whites. But just as many professionals and minority students agree with de Coteau that blacks come to school with special disadvantages and need special help in overcoming them.

What are the disadvantages exactly? As different as different people's answers are, after a while, most seem to point in the same direction. "It starts with stereotypes, black people's stereotypes about math and science," says Silicon Valley veteran Michael Fields, a former president of Oracle USA and one of the most successful blacks in the business. "The biggest problem is not discrimination—not at all. It's people's preconceptions about 'the math thing.'" Is the issue just that math and science are associated with white people, as anthropologist John Ogbu suggests, or is there something special about these disciplines that blacks find particularly frightening? Another African American who has made it to the top of the high-tech pyramid, Intel executive and chemistry Ph.D. Cheryl Shavers, thinks there is something different about these subjects. "Science is extremely challenging," she explains. "There is a right answer and a wrong answer. If you don't get the right answer, you feel like a loser.... [B]lack kids are especially sensitive to this because many of them already feel like losers."

Of course, segregated group study has its own potential costs, and it could encourage students to think in racial categories. But, as long as workshops like Treisman's go on producing results, the idea of minority group study will remain popular. The sprinkling of white students in most of these programs will probably protect them against charges of reverse discrimination, and, in the short-term, most will continue to be used as a complement to preferences—a way to retain poorly prepared kids who otherwise might not make it—rather than an alternative, before students apply to college. Meanwhile, even observers like de Coteau who believe that the problem begins with black students' feelings of inadequacy don't seem to see how preferences fuel that self-doubt and undermine the culture of accomplishment that the best pipeline programs work so hard to instill.

The 25-year struggle to close the digital divide holds a rich lode of lessons about the black-white academic gap, not just in science but also more generally. By now, everyone acknowledges that ultimately the answer is to enlarge the pipeline. Yet the civil rights movement and others continue to distract from that task by demanding an impossible quick fix from academia and industry. Similarly, just about everyone understands that personal effort and a culture of accomplishment are critical. But too many activists and educators still encourage failing kids to blame "the system"—teachers, tests, and admissions policies—rather than reminding students that ultimately they are responsible and only they can do the hard work that will make the difference for them. What can be done about ambivalent black attitudes toward schooling? How do we help poor families make the leap to middle-class child-rearing practices? How do we uproot the racial fears that lead black students to avoid the challenge of science and other subjects? As long as we don't know the answers—and we are a long, long way from knowing them—we are only fiddling at the edges of the black-white science gap.

The newest and most encouraging trend in pipeline programs is to start them earlier, not just in high school but better yet in middle school and, if possible, earlier still. Alongside the push to provide minority students with access to computers, teachers are experimenting with more "hands on" instruction (fewer abstract concepts, more tactile demonstrations). Others stress the "news you can use" approach (looking to the technology of cars or even turntables to teach science). Still others, like the best college programs, use smaller classes and demanding teachers to create a community of learning and accomplishment.

Carlmont High School, in the heart of Silicon Valley, does a little of all of this as it struggles to educate the children of high-tech entrepreneurs along with those from poor and heavily minority East Palo Alto. Walking through the building—a once-stylish, cantilevered affair, now a little run-down and old-fashioned looking—one is immediately struck by the contrast between the kids on the fast track and those hanging out in the hallways. Not all of the former are white, and Principal Debbra Lindo is visibly proud of her staff's success in helping some of the poorest and least likely black students onto the path toward higher learning. Still, as one walks through the locker-lined halls, it's hard not to feel a little discouraged. There is so much yet to do, and it is so easy for even a talented child to fall through the cracks—if she isn't noticed by a teacher or recruited along the way for special intervention. Carlmont offers higher-level science courses, but only a small percentage of students take them; and it would be unrealistic, Lindo says, to require algebra or a year of science for graduation. This may not be the school's fault—not even the best teachers can work miracles—but, as long as it's true, for whatever reason, the digital divide will gape as dauntingly as ever. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Contradictions

History is notoriously crammed with paradox. (Thomas Jefferson, chief author of the Declaration of Independence, was a slave-owner, etc., etc.) One such paradox occurred in Germany in the early days of Nazi power. A popular six-man music group, five singers and a pianist, had three Jewish members, yet the group was allowed to continue performing for a year after Adolf took over. The Comedian Harmonists had been founded in Berlin in 1927 and were an immediate huge success. They had toured Europe and the United States, had made hit recordings, and had been treasured by many, including some Nazi bigwigs. Though the group had been warned of possible trouble, the government knew their popularity and apparently was reluctant to disappoint their public. Despite the legalized and swelling anti-Semitism in Germany, it was a year before this half-Jewish group was banned.

The Harmonists (Miramax) reenacts the story. (A Broadway musical, *Band in Berlin*, is based on the same material.) This German film, written by Klaus Richter, was photographed and directed by Joseph Vilsmaier, who did the same for *Stalingrad* several years ago. Again Vilsmaier shows gifts in both jobs. His camera work in the war film made us feel the Russian winter; here he has opted for a postcard-pretty color scheme that gently spoofs sentiment yet treasures it. And as director, Vilsmaier again has a firm grip on tone and pace.

The only familiar actor in the film is the hefty Rolf Hoppe, who played the Goering character in *Mephisto* and who here is adequate as Streicher—a fan of the singing group! (The whole film is based on such unlikelihoods, offered here as anomalous fact.) The other roles, too, are adequately cast: the earnest young man who founds the group, the aristo singer, the Bulgarian tenor who assumes that every woman who sees him falls for him, the Jew who doesn't look like one, and all the rest. Since the press notes don't mention a musical background for any of the actors, I assume that the songs were dubbed. Very well, too, and very amusingly. "Veronica, the spring is springing," for instance. In the '20s and '30s, male groups like this one, with such names as The Happiness Boys, were a feature of American vaudeville and radio, and *The Harmonists* makes ultra-clear that, in cultural terms, the '30s were much more than seventy years ago.

The screenplay paddles in familiar pools of love and jealousy among the singers, then splotches the general *Gemütlichkeit* with blots of Nazi ugliness. One question—not a new one—persists. Why did German Jews take so long to recognize the portents? Why didn't they try to emigrate much earlier than they did? I was asking those questions about my relatives when these things were going on. Despite my superior perception, I failed to understand a basic fact that helped German Jews to nourish the delusion that Hitler would soon pass on. That fact is put clearly by one of the Harmonists. The group is in New York, and they discuss the possibility of remaining in the United States rather than returning to troubles at home. Some of the group are in favor of staying here, but one of them says, "I am a Jew who loves Germany." They return. Though this film isn't built to carry a heavy burden, it does provide this emotional truth. (A related paradox: numbers of German Jews returned to Germany after the war because, they said, they were not going to let a vile murderer rob them of their homeland.)

Postscripts tell us that, after the Nazi leniency toward the Harmonists expired, all of the them emigrated and survived the war—in other countries. One of the group was in the American Army.

Lionel Trilling, in the closing pages of *Sincerity and Authenticity*, attacks the view of R.D. Laing that mental impairment is not an illness but a strategy, and by implication a type of superiority to the surrounding society. The specific illness discussed is schizophrenia, but in the film world, the Laingian dictum had been applied to all kinds of mental irregularity long before Laing. (Trilling's trenchant attack has made no subsequent difference.) At least from the time of *Harvey* (1950) on through *King of Hearts* and many others, we have had films in which mentally impaired people are shown to be superior to unimpaired people in judgment and feeling. The line continues with **The Other Sister** (Touchstone).

Carla is the mentally retarded daughter of wealthy San Francisco folk. At 24, she is brought back to her home after some years in a special school. Her family loves her, her two sisters and her parents are patient with her, but of course there is going to be trouble with Carla or

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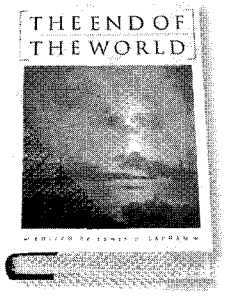

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by Marvin Olasky

Marvin Olasky, editor of the Christian magazine *World*, paints thirteen moral portraits of American leaders—past and present—from Washington to Clinton. Olasky argues that character does matter and that it is part and parcel of that which makes a leader truly great.
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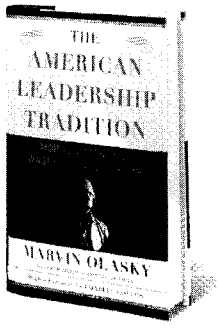

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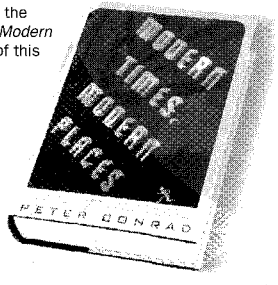

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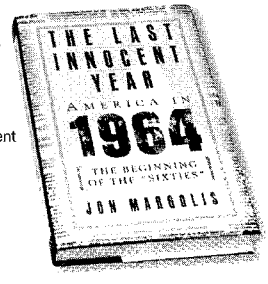

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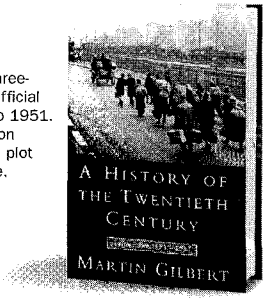

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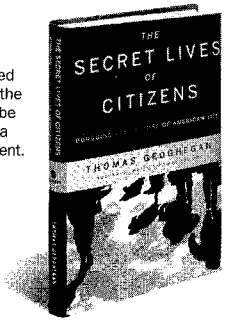

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else there would be no film. The screenplay by Garry Marshall and Bob Brunner provides her with mishaps and misadventures, along with some small triumphs; in time it gives her a boyfriend, equally retarded, with whom she investigates love and sex. (*The Graduate*, seen on TV, is an inspiration for them.) Despite opposition, Carla and her boyfriend confront life together.

Through the scenes that are credible and on through the climactic scenes that are only cartoons, one opposition is constant—between Carla and her mother, Elizabeth. The mother is loving and well-intentioned, but she is intrusive and bossy and insufficiently understanding. The heavily loaded story begs our sympathy for Carla's "rightness" as against Elizabeth's "wrongness."

Of course situations like this one presumably do arise, and of course the flow of films and other fiction sympathetic to impaired people is in part a reaction to the long, ghastly history of Bedlams and such; but it's hard to escape the suspicion that overcompensation has set in. It is not yet clear that it is preferable to be mentally impaired because such impairment bestows a purity of intent and perception on such people that makes them superior to the unimpaired. Trilling, thou should'st be living at this hour.

Garry Marshall directed the film, with discretion as long as discretion was applicable. Juliette Lewis plays Carla. Lewis showed in *Natural Born Killers* a gift for a kind of madness that began in the normal and simply picked up speed until it flew over the edge. Carla, however, is abnormal from the beginning. She learns things in the course of the film, but she neither progresses nor regresses mentally. Within this framework Lewis endows the role with endearing glee and hurt and wonder. Giovanni Ribisi, as her boyfriend, strives hard to give us more than characteristics and at times almost succeeds. Tom Skerritt, as Carla's father, provides all the warmth that the role can hold. The really rotten job falls to Diane Keaton as Carla's mother. Keaton has to find some balance between motherliness and intrusive governance, a need not to be a beast and yet to convey chic beastliness. It's tough for an actor to play a role whose chief function is to make someone else look good—in this case, her daughter—but Keaton tries. Whoever chose her outfit for the last scene did her no favor. Through the film she has usually worn white summery clothes. For her daughter's wedding, when Carla is of course in white, Keaton turns up in blazing red, with a huge red picture hat. The outfit simply screams, "Don't look at my daughter, look at me." I couldn't believe that even this mother would have worn it. •

In the Beginning

By James Wood

Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human by Harold Bloom

(Riverhead, 745 pp., $35)

Berryman's Shakespeare by John Berryman edited and introduced by John Haffenden

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 396 pp., $35)

I.

Harold Bloom has been so abundant, so voracious with texts (more than twenty books, and five hundred introductions), that it sometimes seems that he has kidnapped the whole of English literature and has been releasing his hostages, one by one, over a lifetime, on his own spirited terms. This ceaselessness has produced some hurried, fantastical, and repetitive work. His latest book, on Shakespeare, is at times provokingly garrulous. It repeats three or four deep ideas so relentlessly that they begin to seem shallow. Yet Bloom's weaknesses, of which he is doubtless aware, are merely the gases emitted by an overwhelming natural energy. This is the price of combustion. Bloom's flaws are creative flaws, not academic ones; they are the stutters of idiosyncrasy.

Bloom's book on Shakespeare is an excellent work of popular criticism, overflowing with Bloom's personality, and often acute about Shakespeare's art. It is at once a capacious book—its hero is Falstaff—and a limited book, for Bloom's interest is in the massive reality of Shakespeare's characters, whom he tends to thank just for existing. He is much less interested in their constructedness. These people were never really fictional for Bloom. They have simply been alive forever.

The criticism to which Bloom returns, and which he imitates, is character-criticism, as practiced by Johnson, Hazlitt, and A.C. Bradley. Hazlitt, who adored Falstaff, and who felt, like Bloom, that not to like Falstaff was not to like Shakespeare, called his writings on Shakespeare *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*; and in that book Hazlitt writes about Hamlet, Lear, and Falstaff much as he writes about Bentham, Cobbett, and Coleridge in *The Spirit of the Age*: all are equally alive. One suspects that Bloom would most like to emulate Hazlitt, and feel free to write rhapsodic and highly Shakespearean sketches of the plays' heroes and heroines.

That Bloom largely ignores Coleridge, admitting him only grudgingly into the list of the great Shakespeareans, tells us something about the nature of his enterprise. For Coleridge, unlike Hazlitt and Bloom, approaches Shakespeare as a fellow-poet, eager to discuss Shakespeare's verse ("Shakespeare's blank verse is an absolutely new creation"), and eager, in a greedily appropriative spirit, to see how Shakespeare builds his creations. Hazlitt is like the most intelligent person in the audience, always slightly awed by the otherness of Shakespeare's characters; but Coleridge feels a rightful proximity to Shakespeare's characters, sensing them to be poetry's vivid phantoms, living figments of language, and therefore something within his creative grasp, if only he might live a thousand years. John Berryman, whose writings on Shakespeare have been finely selected and introduced by John Haffenden, has a characteristically droll aside, in which he nicely sharpens this distinction:

> Our incredulity [toward Shakespeare's greatness], to tell you the truth, does us small credit. It savors of what Kierkegaard called "playing the game of marveling at world history." It betokens inexperience, and perhaps it is a little unmanly. At the highest level of artistic understanding—in Coleridge, Baudelaire, Melville—you will not find it. Up there, admiration for Shakespeare strengthens, but incredulity about him evaporates. We judge others by ourselves.

Berryman is fond of Coleridge, and

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his critical approach is altogether more literary than Bloom's. Bloom has little interest in Shakespeare's verse. It is Berryman who notices that "to the end of his life Shakespeare used simile on occasion, but more and more, metaphor supplied the sinew of his style, advancing in subtlety of expressiveness." Berryman is a true scholar, obsessed with dating and ordering the plays. Like Auden, he deals with the verse with a kind of cocky reverence: none of the sonnets, he says, evinces "the intellectual reach of Milton's sonnet on his blindness, but then this is the greatest sonnet in the language." Yet, though he warns against being weakened by our incredulity, Berryman is of course no more capable than the next reader of rationing his awe.

Bloom is not at all inexperienced, and he is rarely incredulous, but still it might be said that admiration "weakens" him. After all, it is his thesis that we are all strengthened, and weakened, by Shakespeare because Shakespeare "invented" us. There can be no poet-to-poet chumminess with this particular poet, because he is always larger than us, always behind and ahead of us. Shakespeare is life's "strong precursor," whose work has modified us before we even begin to say anything about it. "Shakespeare will go on explaining us, in part because he invented us.... We are lived by drives we cannot command, and we are read by works we cannot resist. We need to exert ourselves and read Shakespeare as strenuously as we can, while knowing that his plays will read us more energetically still."

What Bloom means by this worship is best understood in the light of his Freudian poetics, and his "anxiety of influence." In Bloom's battle of the generations, the younger poet must struggle with the poetic ancestor who most influences him or her. This struggle may not be immediately apparent; it may be unacknowledged or even resisted. But the repressed must always return, and the traces of the struggle can be detected, in part because the strong precursor has always modified, has always imprinted, the younger heir. All poets, Bloom has famously claimed, "misread" their predecessors; that is, they read them selfishly, anxiously, for their own purposes. Sometimes they "strongly" misread their predecessors, and throw them over (as Shakespeare threw over Marlowe); sometimes they only "weakly" misread them, and palely mimic them (as Arnold failed to oust Wordsworth). In either case, strong or weak, the younger writer is powerfully modified by the older, whether he knows it or not.

Although Bloom is not explicit in the application of his poetics, his book is dyed throughout with the implicit sense that we are all weak misreaders of Shakespeare, because he is the Western mind's strongest precursor. It is not simply that Shakespeare's characters are larger than life, but that they "altered life," and hence us. The literate Western idea of what character is, of how it speaks to itself, of inwardness, of how families do or do not communicate: all this was largely created by Shakespeare. In the character of Hamlet, Shakespeare invented both romanticism and nihilism. Shakespeare invented the map of the mind; Shakespeare is the original psychologist. (And Freud is only the belated misreader. Bloom enjoys Freud's own unacknowledged struggle with Shakespeare's precedence. Freud haughtily called Shakespeare "the man from Stratford" and argued that the Earl of Oxford had written the plays.)

It might at first seem that Bloom's distinctive form of aestheticism, whereby literature invents us, is not tenable, because clearly literature did not invent Shakespeare. Indeed, Shakespeare was able to invent the literature that is then said to invent us. By the same token, Bloom says that Shakespeare's characters invent life, but then applauds them for their massive lifelikeness, their resemblance to life. Bloom's is preeminently a poetics of origin and primacy, and so it seems fair to direct at it a question of origin: what comes first, literature or life?

Unless Shakespeare is a god, the answer must be life. But in fact Bloom is not an anti-foundationalist, however he is claimed by Richard Rorty. He does not believe that we are only invented by language and literature. He believes merely that literature's prestige, its power to change and to form us, and to invent parts of us, has been effaced by contemporary literary theory. The prevalent theoretical assumption that the self is only linguistic, that life is language, curiously sidelines *literature*'s power to construct us, because literature becomes just an intensely active area of language—indeed, becomes language's possession. Bloom certainly does not believe that we are discourse's dummies.

In truth, Bloom's word "invention" is an enthusiastic exaggeration, a Wildean necessary exaggeration. It is Bloom's way of registering his almost religious sense that we live in Shakespeare's shadow; that he does not simply represent human beings, but brings new life, more life, into the world. "There is an overflowing element in the plays, an excess beyond representation, that is closer to the metaphor we call 'creation.'" Coleridge says exactly the same thing at the end of his lecture of 1818 on *Julius Caesar*, in an aside that simultaneously "invents" the Bloomian enterprise while also insulting Bloom's much-vaunted gnosticism—which may explain, of course, why Bloom so strenuously "resists" Coleridge. Shakespeare, says Coleridge, seems superhuman at times, a God: "In the Gnostic heresy, it might have been credited with less absurdity than most of their dogmas, that the Supreme had employed him to create, previously to his function of representing, character." Shakespeare is a Creator, he comes before us, or in the language of the Book of Common Prayer, "prevents and follows us."

Assuredly, Bloom's determination to honor Shakespeare's godly primacy is a kind of secular theology. Once his book deepens itself, however, the rather silly exaggeration of "invention" relaxes into the sensible tautology that Shakespeare invented what is most Shakespearean in us (which is to say, a large part of us): "Shakespeare has made us see and think what we could not have seen or thought without him." We cannot get outside Shakespeare; and sure enough, Bloom's book, avowedly and in practice, is a Shakespearean reading of Shakespeare, using one character to interpret another. Though Bloom would dislike the comparison, his Shakespeare is C.S. Lewis's God. We cannot complain that God is wicked, said Lewis, when God Himself bestowed on us the capacity to tell right from wrong. God assimilates us, we do not assimilate God—which is Bloom's definition of "the canonical sublime."

II.

Bloom's argument seems both undeniable and properly complicated, but in the academy it is about as antique as a wing-collar. His universalism, his shining love of Shakespeare, his boisterous identification with many of the characters, his certainty that Shakespeare is the greatest poet who ever lived, his reverence for Johnson and Hazlitt, his modesty before a wisdom greater than his own (what he most likes about Hamlet, Falstaff, and Dr. Johnson is their wide sagacity), his belief that language refers and that literature teaches us truths (Hamlet "teaches us the nature of dying")—all of this is highly contested in current criticism, and especially in current Shakespeare criticism; and it will mean that most of Bloom's colleagues will barely look at this book. This will please Bloom, who in a Chestertonian spirit prefers his own battered truths to other people's perfected errors, and who has said that he does not want to be

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read by professional Shakespeareans but by ordinary readers and playgoers. His book continues, sometimes furiously, a war that he has been fighting for over a decade with those Marxists, deconstructionists, and cultural materialists whom he calls "the School of Resentment."

Who, and what, are Bloom's enemies? In brief: pretty much the entire thrust of contemporary literary criticism. Crudely put, the immense revolution in our habits of reading literary texts comes from Freud, but has taken Derrida to become widespread. Freud immeasurably complicated our notion of hiddenness when he invented the idea of repression. (Or, since Shakespeare invents the idea of "protesting too much," when he borrowed repression from Shakespeare.) After Freud, to hide something always leaves the trace of its anxious banishment, since the repressed always returns.

This seems to be an undeniable truth about the workings of the unconscious, if not about the workings of a highly literary text. Clearly Freud makes hermeneutics more elaborated, more dialectical than it has ever been before, more suspicious. There is nothing accidental, nothing natural, nothing innocent. And Derridean deconstruction, which is immensely Freudian in impulse, agrees with Freud that the unconscious is what is really interesting, and that texts—indeed, writing—have an unconscious. Deconstruction brings a generalized suspicion to bear on language, and in particular on metaphor (or "rhetoric"). The Freudian suspicion is that metaphor is hiding something—which turns out to be its own metaphoricity. Nothing better illustrates deconstruction's Freudianism than one of its less intelligent developments, queer theory, where literary metaphor is simply distrusted *as literary metaphor*, and is assumed to be concealing something else; and where Henry James's hand plunging into the bag of memory is really a desire to fist-fuck. The critic is the analyst.

Political criticism, including the sociology that now calls itself cultural materialism, converts Freud's analytical suspicions into political ones. A poem is read as if it were a dream, the product or the symptom of both the writer's unconscious and the various discourses of the time in which the text was written. The poem is read as if it were covering something up, as if it were an alibi that is rather too fluent to be entirely trusted. And as befits an alibi, the critic responds forensically and "interrogates" the text for those moments in which the poem seems to be displaying its stresses; where, in effect, it is sweating.

These are the moments where an anxiety is being repressed. Having found these moments, the critic then announces that the *real* subject of the poem is this anxiety, or the struggle to hide this anxiety. Forget daffodils, nightingales, autumn: they are not what lyric poems mean, not what they are about. Political criticism merely makes the anxieties political, which will be anxieties about the fact that it is a poem and not a piece of writing that pursues justice. Having been caught out, the poem is triumphantly led off in golden chains; the detective writes up his report in hideous prose, making sure to flatter himself a bit, and then goes home to a well-deserved drink.

This kind of criticism has produced some distinguished readings. It has not made the average undergraduate a greater lover of literature than forty years ago, but it has made him or her a more sophisticated observer of rhetorical strategies: in short, a better Freudian. Forty years ago, New Criticism also made something of a fetish of moments of tension and ambiguity in a poem, but it took them to be moments of achieved coherence. New Criticism pushed through the work, toward an ideal coherence. Reversing that direction, current literary theory proclaims coherence a kind of hoax, and suspiciously pushes backward through a poem toward an ideal incoherence. This is an unmeasurable change in the way we read.

What flows from this backward, negative inquiry is a questioning of literary value, since it is no longer clear what a poem is for, or how to know whether it is any good, or indeed why or whether a poet writes a poem. The old question, "Has this poem achieved what it wants to do?" becomes the new question, "How has this poem failed to achieve what it could not anyway achieve?" The question of the poem's status becomes irrelevant as soon as the poem becomes the symptom of an unconscious rather than the product of an intention. Whatever you intend is deflected or obstructed, is failed—which may be a reasonable view of human intention, but is an unreasonable view of literary intention.

For a poem is the most delicate and the most realized form of intention there is. It is the quintessence of intention. It is a crude denial of what is distinctive about the literary—its intention-rich status—to read a poem as if intention is always failed. Without a rich idea of the *achievability* of a poem, the poem disappears as the poet's positive achievement, and becomes the reader's negative achievement. Or the epoch's: for if a poem has a political unconscious, then it has been partly written by the political discourses of the age. This tendency is strong in new historicism and cultural materialism, where it is often assumed that Shakespeare's plays are conservative because the age in which he wrote was conservative.

Once the question of value is suspended as irrelevant to literary inquiry, the next step must inevitably be an actual skepticism about literary value at all. Perhaps there is no such thing as good and bad in literature, or in culture, only various symptomatic displays? Perhaps greatness is an ideological hoax, designed, precisely, to keep people from questioning it? Obviously, Shakespeare becomes central to this suspicion, for if greatness is a hoax, Shakespeare must represent the greatest hoax ever played. Such ideas are never quite explicitly spoken, since professors know better than to force the question, "Is Shakespeare any good?" But they hover on the edges of the less intelligent new historicism, and they animate much of cultural materialism and cultural studies, especially in Britain, where such movements have always tended to be more Marxist and socialist than their American counterparts.

The argument (the word is very generous) goes like this: if we cannot say whether Shakespeare is any good or not, it follows that we need to ask why he is so massively canonical. Perhaps he is the Bard, the Swan of Avon, because England needed a national poet, because societies need canons? Let us then examine the ideological canopy that keeps Shakespeare in place—the school examinations, the old liberal humanist scholarship, the history of performances, the ideology of the commercial theater, and any silly things that Laurence Olivier and Prince Charles have said about Shakespeare's "eternal values." Let us examine "the Shakespeare myth."

It must be admitted that Shakespeare's supporters are little help in this regard. Conservative politicians love to sniff Shakespeare's plays for orderly aromas, quoting Ulysses from *Troilus and Cressida* (out of context) on order and the state. Gardening for lost ideological roots, English patriots pull up whatever Shakespearean character takes their fancy. And America has Charlton Heston, who has granitically observed: "Universities without Shakespeare? Unthinkable. Language without Shakespeare? Unspeakable.... Thank God he's already translated, and constantly performed, in just about every language on earth."

But if we examine the amazing range of interpretations and performances over centuries, argues cultural materialism, we have to conclude that Shake-

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speare could not possibly mean all these different things: it is *we*, and only we, who use Shakespeare to mean. Shakespeare's plays themselves mean nothing. When this line of inquiry is combined with a radical inability to accept that there is such a thing as human nature, Shakespeare is essentially killed off. For if you do not believe that we have anything at all in common with the playgoers who first saw Shakespeare's plays, you cannot believe that Shakespeare's plays speak to us at all; only that we speak to them, that we mean by them—*that we wrote them.*

Perhaps, as Terence Hawkes put it in his book *Meaning by Shakespeare,* we will discover that Shakespeare is something of "a black hole," into which we pour all our cultural meanings, and that he is in fact "a writer of no necessary distinction." The fear is that by proclaiming any kind of human nature, you freeze society and inhibit it from political change, because you believe in a fixed, unchanging human nature. In this sense, to proclaim Shakespeare as "great" is to turn us all into peasants, continually doffing our caps to the Master. It is time we rose up and showed Shakespeare who is the real Master.

This most extreme argument can be swiftly refuted. If Shakespeare is a black hole, then all literature is a black hole, and how do we distinguish one from the other? Well, we distinguish Shakespeare precisely because he is a more absorptive black hole than anyone else. He has more black holeness than other black holes. But this only poses a second problem for Terence Hawkes. Why, if Shakespeare is a writer of no necessary distinction, do we keep returning to him? Hawkes would reply that we return to him not because we do so naturally or innocently, but because we have learned to do so. The culture tells us to. But why does the culture tell us to return to Shakespeare and not to another writer?

This is a long way round to Bloom, but it may explain the venom, and the desperation, of his attacks. For although deconstruction did not intend to, it has produced mutant modes of reading which, when combined with leftish political guilt or *ressentiment,* truly threaten the existence of literature as a discipline. Although the most extreme version of this argument is hardly felt in America, various strands are visible throughout literary studies here, in particular: the distrust of universalism; the indifference to, or the hostility toward, the question of value; the tendency to read literature as a failure to achieve coherence; and the concomitant superiority toward literature's actual superiority to ourselves.

Bloom resembles and finally differs from political deconstruction. He certainly believes that texts have secrets; but for him those secrets are literary, they are anxieties about literary inheritance. When a poem hides its anxieties, moreover, this is the mark of a poem's success, not any kind of cover-up. Bloom shares with New Criticism, for all his disagreement, a desire to find a poem coherent. It is a much more anxious, complicated idea of coherence than that available forty years ago. But coherence it is. Bloom, in effect, believes that a poem can cure itself. Contemporary criticism believes the opposite.

Bloom may have a certain guilt about the wilder days of his Freudianism, since he now slights Freud as often as he can, and seems to want to get back to an innocent Johnsonianism, to reside in what Johnson called "the stability of truth." At times, in the past, Bloom could sound as if he were simply a rather more Paterian version of a deconstructionist, one who felt that literature created life. There was a time when Bloom could define a poem as everything that is *not* on the page. But he does not do this, he cannot do this, with Shakespeare. Perhaps Shakespeare, whom he has been teaching for the last twenty years, has changed Bloom's way of thinking. For Shakespeare is so abun-

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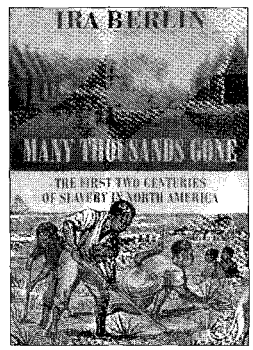

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dant, and so enormously lacks precursor-poets, that it is not possible to search for repressions and anxieties in the old Bloomian way. Shakespeare does not repress anything; he simply withdraws himself. He is the most unanxious writer in the language.

This new Shakespearean Bloom differs in every important respect from his enemies. Again, it is a question of direction and origin. Just as contemporary criticism works away from coherence, so cultural materialism works backward toward Shakespeare. It strips away our various readings and performances, proclaiming them to be our necessary delusions, and finally arrives at the ideal incoherence of Shakespeare's texts, which may amount to nothing—a phantom, a construct. But Bloom forcefully reverses this flow, reading forward from the absolute origin, the primacy of Shakespeare, asserting again and again—indeed, repetitively at times—that Shakespeare assimilates us, not the other way around. Bloom would not dispute that we go to Shakespeare out of a learned response; he would simply say that we learned it from Shakespeare. Where cultural materialism announces that the great Bardic center is absent, has been decentered, Bloom simply and serenely announces that this is because the center has surrounded us in a delicious circle. If we have any idea of what greatness is in literature, we learned it from Shakespeare. He comes before and goes after.

III.

So what is the Shakespearean difference? Or, to be more limited, how are his characters different from other fictional characters? If they do indeed found much of our subjectivity, what are the characteristics of this originary strength? Both John Berryman, who, as this book demonstrates, was the greatest Shakespearean of twentieth-century American poets, and Harold Bloom have hospitable ears for those moments when a character in one of the plays suddenly expands into life, into personality. Both of them, perhaps unwittingly, follow Coleridge, who admired the fact that Shakespeare's characters, "like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader."

We are not told what to think about Shakespeare's characters, and often their motives are abysmal. Indeed, the greatest of Shakespeare's characters are both knowable and unknowable: Hamlet most famously, but also Lear, Edmund, Iago, Macbeth, Prince Hal. In each case, the information we are given, as Eliot rather pointlessly complained about Hamlet, is insufficient for the explanation of motive. (Falstaff, who needs motives for nothing, and whom we absolve of both motive and consequence, may be the large comic exception.) So it is not just that these characters live in our minds, as we endlessly try to "complete" them; it is that they are also rich cavities, into which we continually place the optimistic seeds of our interpretations and watch them grow. We possess these characters, and then they possess us; they create us, and then we create them.

Bloom likes to use, and to overuse, Hegel's phrase that Shakespeare's characters are "free artists of themselves." He values most the way that they change on stage, and, above all, change in the course of their soliloquies. He beautifully calls this "changing by overhearing themselves." The soliloquy is the means by which the character speaks to himself, and also listens to himself speaking to himself.

What is rare but not extraordinary in real life—that we catch ourselves in the process of thinking—is a beautiful paradox in art. For the words that a character "overhears" are written not by him, but by the poet or novelist who created him. Bloom does not expand this paradox as he should, which is that the Shakespearean character is changed by listening, as it were, to Shakespeare's own poetry. Free artists, these characters also seem larger than the plays they inhabit; and it is one of the strange effects of Shakespeare's vitalism that we tend to love his villains as much as his heroes. (An analogy exists in the cheap vitalism of cinema, which tends to make wrongdoers as glamorous as saints.) Shakespeare's characters, being larger than life, demonstrate the essential irresponsibility of fictional character, precisely because it is not like life, where villains tend to be villainous.

Bloom (and to a lesser extent Berryman) is at his weakest in failing seriously to consider Shakespeare's achievement novelistically—in the light of the form that replaced drama, and which has devoted itself to the impossible task of equaling Shakespeare's colossal novelistic capacities. As fine as Hegel's "free artists of themselves," and less pious, is Henry James's general plea that the novelist create free characters "in the irresponsible, plastic sense." But apart from occasional references to *Don Quixote* and Joyce, Bloom is not interested in novelistic character.

If we need to defend Shakespeare's supremacy—and owing to certain trends in current criticism, it seems that we do—one crushing way is to compare his superiority as a novelistic creator of character over every novelist in world literature. (But then Bloom is not really interested in defending Shakespeare, only in celebrating him: it is the happy monotony of his book.) Shakespeare is the writer to whom novelists go; and even novelists' characters go to Shakespeare, as the men do at the start of Turgenev's "King Lear of the Steppes," discussing among themselves how "each of us could name Hamlets, Othellos and Falstaffs, even Richard IIIs and Macbeths (these last, true, only in potential) whom we'd come across." The narrator of Knut Hamsun's *Hunger* preempts Bloom's book when he says that "conscience was invented by Shakespeare, that old dancing master."

E. M. Forster liked to distinguish between "flat" and "round" characters; he thought that Dickens's characters were flat but vibrated very vigorously. Yet there is a sense in which all characters in even the greatest novels are vigorously flat, and only Shakespeare's are truly round. One obvious reason for Shakespearean exceptionalism in this area is that a novel's people belong to the page, while Shakespeare's people are enacted on stage; they walk, sigh, rage, and so on. But that is only the first difference. In Cervantes, in Tolstoy, in Dostoevsky, even in George Eliot, the reader knows (and contentedly accepts) that certain deep characters are also being used by the novelist to propound the novelist's views, to push the novel in certain directions. Wisdom suddenly falls from above, like rain. But Shakespeare seems uncannily able to disappear, and to inhabit, for the purposes of characterization, a huge range of different views about life. Shakespeare is Epicurean, skeptical, nihilistic, humanistic, pagan. Bloom rightly remarks that "his politics, like his religion, evades me, but I think he was too wary to have any."

Among novelists, only Dickens, Hamsun, Chekhov, Joyce, and Proust (and occasionally Woolf and Faulkner) show anything like the true Shakespearean freedom, which is the generosity to allow characters to run on, in private thought and public speech, into apparent irrelevance, this apparent irrelevance being actually the very mark and substance of the character's personality. By means of the soliloquy, Shakespeare founds absent-mindedness (in the fullest sense of that phrase) in literature, and thereby invents novelistic stream-of-consciousness, which is merely mental soliloquy.

Since Bloom is above all interested in the great heroes of Shakespeare's plays, and in their capacity for change, he tends to miss all those smaller characters who do not change, whose soliloquies are not grand spectacles—whose soliloquies, indeed, are evidence that they

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are rather forgetfully just being themselves. With his Hegelian idea of the characters as free artists of themselves, Bloom endows the characters with more plasticity, more purpose and agency, than they sometimes possess. But Henry James's idea of irresponsibility is more illuminating, I think, suggesting as it does a character's stubborn refusal to follow the aestheticism of his maker. Many of Shakespeare's characters are not so much free artists of themselves as *free of themselves*—and, in so being, entirely themselves.

The Shakespearean soliloquy may appear at any moment, and in a sense all Shakespeare's wordy characters are soliloquists, always taking language on extended strolls. In academic study, the soliloquy gets separated from the play, and is taken to be one of those moments when a character "speaks his private thoughts" to the audience. But in an entirely soliloquizing world, in which characters often soliloquize *at* other characters while mistakenly supposing that they are merely conversing *with* them, there is no distinction between private thought (the traditional idea of the soliloquy) and public conversation. All are failed privacies. Both modes of talk are lost secrets: private thought is lost somewhere between our mind and our souls, and public conversation is lost somewhere between each other. What we say to ourselves is often quite similar to what we say to each other, because we solipsistically forget that we are in fact speaking to someone else. (Dickens and Chekhov are the great novelistic developers of this insight.)

Berryman has a better instinct than Bloom for a character's solipsism, though he does not present any analysis of it. In "Shakespeare's Reality," an unfinished proposal for a book that he was writing just before his suicide, Berryman seizes on an extraordinary moment in the first act of *All's Well That End's Well*, when Bertram is first introduced to the King of France. Instead of receiving Bertram in the usual way, and asking after him, the King (and Shakespeare's kings are generally horribly self-involved) reminisces about Bertram's father, whom he loved:

> Youth, thou bear'st thou father's face;
> Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
> Hath well compos'd thee...
> I would I had that corporal soundness now
> As when thy father and myself in friendship
> First tried our soldiership. He did look far
> Into the service of the time, and was
> Discipled of the bravest.

And on the King goes, entirely self-absorbedly, for the next forty lines, as Bertram struggles to interject various politenesses.

Berryman, who was intensely Freudian, is interested in why Shakespeare would suddenly drift into this long distraction about a father, and speculates about Shakespeare's own father. (Berryman had a debilitating obsession with his father, who also killed himself.) But more interesting in this scene is the demonstration that Shakespeare's characters seem real to us because they seem very real to themselves, because they take their memories and their internal universes for granted. The Hegelian "free artist" view puts too much emphasis on a character's purposeful alienation from himself; but the King of France, like so many Shakespearean characters, is at one with himself while not necessarily in command of himself. Shakespeare's characters manage to hold in place the paradox that they feel real to themselves but do not know themselves. Lear "hath ever but slenderly known himself," as Regan sardonically comments.

Rightly, both Berryman and Bloom take notice, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, an otherwise uninteresting early play, of the clown Launce, who tells the audience, in a marvelous soliloquy in Act IV, about his dog, Crab. "Here we attend," writes Berryman, "for the first time in English comedy, to a definite and irresistible *personality*, absorbed in its delicious subject to the exclusion of all else; confused, and engaging." Launce may appear to be addressing the audience, but he is really talking aloud to his dog, and we are overhearing him. Launce upbraids Crab for pissing in a gentleman's hall, and recalls that the gentleman ordered that poor Crab be whipped. Launce tells us that he went to "the fellow that whips the dogs," and told him that it was not Crab that pissed, but Launce himself that did. Thus Launce is whipped from the hall. "How many masters would do this for his servant?" asks Launce of his dog, and develops the analogy:

> Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stoln, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou thinks't not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid me still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Neither Bloom nor Berryman tarries to analyze this early passage, having big-

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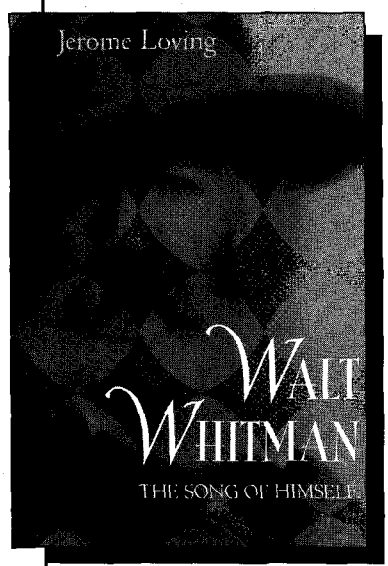

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ger quarries in sight, but it prefigures much of the mature poet's power with character. Again, one notices that the Shakespearean soliloquy is essentially the *misuse* of soliloquy; Shakespeare takes a form which existed for confiding with the audience, for privileged communication, and lets us eavesdrop on a man who fails to communicate with us. How beautifully he manages the shift from Launce's addressing the audience to his addressing his dog ("Thou thinkst not of this now"), and shows both modes to be one, because Launce is really talking to himself.

In Launce's speech, we see how Shakespeare dares to fill the soliloquy with a character's apparent irrelevances. One of these "irrelevances" is a character's determination to persist with analogy and metaphor, as Launce persists, seemingly only to please himself, with his little conceit that he has become his dog's servant. If Shakespeare braves the paradox that beautiful language or lively language may be used by a character for foolish, boring, irrelevant, or self-involved purposes, then Shakespeare necessarily braves the paradox that his own metaphors may seem boring or irrelevant. They are not boring, of course, because Shakespeare is a great poet, but they are often, precisely, beside the point. We know that Launce is babbling to himself in part because he is pressing his (that is, Shakespeare's) metaphorical analogy at such selfish length. Metaphor, so richly characteristic of Shakespeare's art, is also partly the measure of his soliloquists' absent-mindedness. In Shakespeare, metaphor dares to be irrelevant, to be "irresponsible."

Perhaps this is why so many readers experience Shakespeare as a natural force, almost beyond art. Metaphor has its own life, runs away with itself, and is not always successful, in Shakespeare. In Richard II's famous soliloquy before his death, Richard compares himself to a clock:

> I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
> For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock;
> My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
> Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
> Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
> Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

It is a complex analogy, in which Richard compares his eyes to clock-faces, his thoughts to minutes, and his fingers, which are continually wiping away tears, to a clock's hand. One can hardly call this metaphor entirely successful; it is very clumsy. But its awkward self-involvement reveals something about Richard, who has always fancied himself something of a poet. I am not saying that Shakespeare deliberately "sacrificed" his metaphors, or wrote unsuccessful metaphors, for his characters. One assumes that Shakespeare did not intend this metaphor to be unsuccessful. He wanted it to be fine; he was a poet. But it is in the nature of highly metaphorical writing that it will seem sometimes "unsuccessful"—which may mean only that it overreaches itself, bursts beyond the reasonable, becomes involved with itself in ways comparable to the self-involvement of Shakespeare's soliloquizers. Metaphor *is* unreasonable, for it is essentially an exaggerated proposition (x is like y).

If we feel that Shakespeare is real and natural, it is because he is not always perfect. Shakespeare is not afraid to allow his characters to take metaphor where they will; and he is not afraid to produce strained and awkward metaphors himself. In this regard, Dickens again and again shows himself Shakespeare's student. A lovely moment occurs in *David Copperfield* when David, having just learned of his mother's death, goes to the tailor to be measured for a funeral suit. The tailor shows him a roll of cloth which he says is of the highest quality, only good enough for mourning parents, and then self-involvedly begins to follow his own simile. Fashions in clothes, he opines to

Saint Apolline

"Please go to the dentist," my wife tells me.
"I don't want to be married to someone
who hasn't any teeth." And I wonder,
not just about my own, but all the teeth
in the world: Why do we believe they're ours?
They're perfect: born with us, but outlive us,
identify and accompany us
inside the blackest craters of despair.
For that we must owe them a better life.

Oh, I know I should worry. One of mine
has refused to appear. Perfectly shaped,
sitting deep in my lower jaw, it spurns
the body's commands. Others have lifted
anchor—one that I cracked on stale French bread,
another that landed on my tongue, softly,
after being twisted by steel pincers.
"Just the way it said in the manual,"
Dr. Anderson sighed. "Fine. Fine, fine, fine."

Dentistry's *patronne*, Saint Apolline,
who lived to ninety (still a virgin),
a walking miracle, with *all* her teeth,
then had every one knocked out of her mouth
by infidels who demanded instant
conversion to the devil. She implored
the mob for respite, clutching one precious,
consoling molar, before she leapt
into their bonfire, and was consumed.

In the ribald version, Saint Apolline
is prim yet curvaceous, with great legs.
Twenty years old, she refuses to play
doctor with her uncle—a lewd, pincer-
wielding fiend. So he catches her, ties her
up, then methodically pulls every tooth
until, near death, virtuously intact,
she prays to become *patronne de ceux qui
souffrent des dents*. You imagine the rest.

GREG SIMON

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the mourning David, are "like human beings. They come in, nobody knows when, why or how; and they go out, nobody knows when, why, or how. Everything is like life, in my opinion, if you look at it in that point of view." Dickens, like Shakespeare, hands his metaphoricizing powers over to the tailor, who may well mangle them in the process. This is the price of genuine characterization.

At the end of *Henry IV, Part 2*, Prince Hal's father, the dying King Henry IV, complains that his son has spent too much time with idlers and clowns, people such as Falstaff, Pistol, Mistress Quickly, and the rest. Warwick reassures the King, with a metaphor that is both beautiful and revealing about Shakespeare's art. Prince Hal, says Warwick, has been studying the people in the kingdom rather as one studies a foreign language; one must learn all the rude words in order to master the language, even if these are words you will never use. This may well have been Prince Hal's cold strategy. But of course, Shakespeare's great art is the same as this, while being its inversion: Shakespeare finds all the words and then uses all of them. Nothing is discarded, no one is beneath notice, "none do offend, none I say."

Warwick's analogy suggests that people might be like words, to be spoken. And sublimely Shakespeare speaks the language of his characters, who are also the characters of his language. •

Pride and Prejudice

BY DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN

Between Dignity and Despair: Jewish Life in Nazi Germany by Marion A. Kaplan

(Oxford University Press, 290 pp., $30)

Children of Zion by Henryk Grynberg translated by Jacqueline Mitchell

(Northwestern University Press, 178 pp., $14.95)

In the 1980s, a call was made for a new kind of history of Nazism, called *Alltagsgeschichte*, or the history of everyday life. Its practitioners held that the dominant historiography of Nazism, by dwelling on the crimes and the barbarities of the regime, had painted a partial and therefore distorted picture of German society during the Nazi period.

The progenitor, and the most influential practitioner, of *Alltagsgeschichte* was Martin Broszat, the long-time former director of Munich's Institute for Contemporary History. He argued that the study of everyday life shows how normal life was for most Germans, most of whom were absorbed by the routine tasks of daily life. They were uninvolved in, and even unaware of, the regime's crimes. The racist, oppressive, inhuman aspects of Nazism were epiphenomenal to the texture of the quotidian in Hitler's Germany.

The move to *Alltagsgeschichte* was an attempt not only to write social history, to which no one could reasonably object, but also to shift the understanding of the period away from its extraordinary events to its seemingly ordinary ones. Some scholars considered this a curious enterprise or worse, which would prettify the period and make it seem, at least for the majority of Germans, more "normal" than it was. Indeed, Broszat explicitly called for the "normalization" of the Nazi period, by which he meant, among other things, that the underlying continuities of daily existence, institutionally and for individuals, between Nazi Germany and Weimar Germany were to be emphasized, and treated as the predominant reality.

It was odd that Broszat should have asserted this position in the face of the rather obvious abundance of evidence belying it. Judged by the standard of contemporary European civilization, after all, Nazi Germany was "abnormal" to the core. Its public discourse was replete with racist and anti-Semitic absurdities; Germans were regularly imbibing the idea that they were a master race; in German cities and towns Jews were being relentlessly persecuted in full view of the populace, many of whom participated in the persecution; Germans enslaved millions of foreign laborers who toiled throughout the German economy ministering to the needs of the master race.

Indeed, foreign visitors to Nazi Germany felt that they had entered a new, strange, and frightening world. A British educational delegation that visited Germany in 1937 reported that the Nazi government, while it fostered with great zeal the physical health and bodily fitness of its subjects, filled their minds with monstrous, irrational absurdities. The delegation concluded that a fitting motto for Germany under Hitler would be an inversion of the Latin proverb "a sane mind in a sane body": "an insane mind in a sane body." It was not only the official policies of the regime that struck foreigners as brutal and repellent, but also the beliefs and the sentiments of ordinary Germans as revealed to them in conversations. It seemed to these foreigners that Germany had collectively repudiated the fundamental values of Western civilization.

Broszat's plea met with much criticism on methodological, interpretive, and substantive grounds. In 1987, an exchange of six extremely polite but highly contentious letters between him and Saul Friedländer, subsequently published, highlighted the debate's different positions. Friedländer argued that Broszat was seeking a "shift in focus. From *that* perspective, the insistence on *Alltag* or on long-range social trends could indeed strongly relativize what I still consider as the decisive historiographical approach to that period, an approach which considers these twelve years as a definable historical unit dominated, first of all, by the 'primacy of politics.'"

Whatever Broszat's objectives may have been, there can be no doubt that *Alltagsgeschichte* failed to "normalize" the past. Still, Broszat's plea performed two great services. It generated much first-class social history that deepened our understanding of Germany and Germans during the Nazi period. (Broszat's own "Bavaria Project," which predated his programmatic plea, was a multivolume, multi-authored history of everyday life in Bavaria that unearthed the texture of daily life in southern Germany.) And it encouraged Germans during the 1980s to investigate the past of their own communities and schools.

Alltagsgeschichte essay contests were held around Germany. People delved into their local archives and began to ask heretofore unasked questions. One such local effort, by the students of the Ger-

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hart-Hauptmann high school in Kassel, was published. By interviewing former teachers and students from their school (including their own relatives), and by examining the curricula and assignments, the students investigated how their school had been rearing its students in the Nazi years. Their conclusion became the subtitle of their book: "Education for Death." They found that students were taught to feel contempt for the "inferior" races which must be subjugated as the servants of the master race, to spurn peace, to love war, and to practice violence with gusto. They were trained to become future soldiers, to lord over the "subhumans," to kill, to dragoon, and if necessary to die.

An educational system often reflects better than any other institution the spirit of a nation. The educational system of Nazi Germany sought to eradicate the humane teachings of Christianity and the Enlightenment and to replace them with a murderous creed. It was the most inhumane one that modern Europe has known. In fact, the high school students found the subtitle for their book in an article by the German writer Heinrich Böll, who wrote that Germany's education during this period was "not for life" but "for death." Hardly the reflection of a "normal" society.

Thus the social and scholarly consequences of *Alltagsgeschichte* have been in many respects positive; but it failed to produce a well-rounded social history of one particular subject, which is, perhaps not coincidentally, the one that Broszat claimed was not so central: the attitude of the Germans toward Jews, and toward the regime's eliminationist persecution of them. This historiographical failure resulted principally from the incomplete use of sources. For the sources consulted came overwhelmingly from Germans: it was either information the regime collected on the views of the German people or more directly from German citizens of the time, their testimony, memoirs, and letters.

Marion A. Kaplan, whose fine book should be seen as an important part of this new historiography, is nevertheless critical of how *Alltagsgeschichte* has for long been practiced: "Mainly oral histories, these accounts leave out Jews almost entirely: the victims are silent, anti-Semitism is only rarely addressed." Until recently, those who wrote about Germans' relations with Jews failed to use the testimony of the Jews extensively or at all. Not surprisingly, they came to the conclusion that far less anti-Semitism and support for the eliminationist program existed among Germans than a full use of the sources reveals.

Even though *Alltagsgeschichte* was supposed to be a corrective to the dominant political approach to the understanding of this period, its imperfect practice produced the same flaw that marred its opposite, the structural approach. As scholars became ever more fixated on "structures," the historian Ulrich Herbert has observed, "the more certainly the perpetrators ... faded into the background, along with their mental outlook and convictions, to the point where one could ultimately conclude that radical anti-Semitism was only a marginal phenomenon in Germany and was a factor ranking extremely low in the development of the National Socialist extermination policy." Thus "the question of anti-Semitism's significance," Herbert concludes, "was never answered."

Norbert Frei, another prominent scholar, has recently asserted that historians' neglect to study the extent, the character, and the intensity of anti-Semitism among the German people was deliberate. (I do not share his view that it was intentional, but he accurately portrays the degree of their neglect of anti-Semitism.) It was part and parcel, in Frei's view, of the historiographical suppression of a central truth about Nazi Germany. As he writes, "the [anti-Semitic] 'eliminationist mindset'" one can "rightly see as widespread in Germany—more widespread than portrayed by a historiography that for a long time sought, if anything, to repress the fact of the high degree of identification with Hitler and the National Socialist regime."

Kaplan provides a different, fuller account of these matters. She is pointedly critical of those who have ignored the testimony of Jews: "Jewish victims' accounts belie the conclusions of German historians who have failed to find anti-Semitism in their sources." When one does use the full range of sources, one finds, as Kaplan has found, an enormous amount of anti-Semitism among ordinary Germans and their widespread support for the regime's anti-Jewish policies. Kaplan treats the life of Jews during the Nazi period by drawing extensively on the victims' testimony, with a particular focus on the experience of Jewish women.

Her book is, by necessity, also a social history of Germans' relations with Jews, for the character of the quotidian life and the ultimate fate of the Jews lay to a great extent in the hands of the German citizenry. "In tracing the innumerable daily interactions of Jews with other Germans," writes Kaplan, "... we see the extreme power that Germans, from Nazi officials to strangers on a tram, had over Jews." Her book presents a great deal of evidence, some of which is fresh, about what Germans did with their power. "Touching cases of loyalty notwithstanding, the Nazis could generally count on grass-roots acceptance of, or even enthusiasm for, isolating Jews." As Kaplan shows again and again, "well before Jews were forced to wear a star in order to facilitate their identification, popular responses, cruelly anticipatory of later Nazi policies, made their lives miserable. Strangers on trams, in stores, and even on the street targeted those who 'looked' Jewish and mortified their victims by pronouncing their suspicions loudly." Germans went ahead of the laws in persecuting the Jews among them—in making them socially dead, which required robbing from them the respect owed to fellow human beings.

Kaplan concludes that "most Germans suspended the exercise of decency and the normal civilities that make a society function and, significantly, suspended them before laws or decrees required them to do so." Jews were hounded by their neighbors, who along with their government's policies subjected them to an enormous range of disabilities and indignities. Most Germans eagerly accepted the processes that led to the social death, so "even before the war, Jews had experienced social death in German society." The consequence was that "in general, Jews navigated increasingly menacing public spaces. Even a trip to the post office could have dire consequences." In the words of one German Jew, "Fear, fear, fear—morning, noon and night. Fear followed us into our dreams, racking our nerves." It was ordinary Germans who on a daily basis engendered this fear.

Kaplan's rich testimony works to buttress two accurate if unoriginal arguments about Germans' attitudes toward Jews: that Germans brought about the Jews' "social death," and that the overwhelming majority of Germans also wanted Jews to "disappear." I am in agreement with the overall thrust of Kaplan's book; but her conceptual and theoretical use of the notions of "social death" and "disappear" are less than satisfactory. She elucidates the meaning of neither concept.

"Social death" is a status which, as Orlando Patterson (who coined the concept) shows in *Slavery and Social Death*, defines what slavery is: the permanent, violent domination of natally alienated, generally dishonored beings. Yet other beings have been "socially dead" and have been treated by their societies in ways fundamentally different from slaves. What determines the particular manner

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in which oppressors treat those who are socially dead is the broader social theory that guides them. Do they see the socially dead as controllable or as a threat? Are the social dead useful, economically or symbolically, or superfluous?

The social theory of the American slaveholders differed from the official and unofficial social theory—I mean anti-Semitism—that governed Nazi Germany's approach to the socially dead Jews. White slaveholders deemed blacks to be controllable, useful subhumans, and therefore they wished to maintain them. They fought a disastrous war to do so. But the German anti-Semites held the Jews to be a metaphysical enemy, an apocalyptic threat that had to be eliminated. Although they did not initiate and prosecute the war explicitly for this purpose, exterminating the Jews became a central aim of a war that proved disastrous for the Germans.

Unfortunately, Kaplan is not heedful of such fundamental differences. She employs the term "social death" as little more than a suggestive but unexplicated label. She describes how the Germans expressed their hatred toward the Jews without adequately delineating the sources of that hatred—the images and the beliefs that bred it—and without seriously investigating the policies and mechanisms by which Germans produced the Jews' social death.

Kaplan's term "to disappear" is also problematic. It is less apt than the term "to eliminate" as a description of the virtually society-wide desire to be rid of the Jews. "Disappearance" is apolitical, something that happens instantaneously or miraculously. Disappearance seems to require no agent to bring it about, save the Jews themselves. (One cannot even use the verb "to disappear" in the active voice.) Everyone in Germany who wished the Jews to be gone knew that getting rid of them would be an act of politics, requiring time, effort, and energy; that it would have to be done by a German government with the aid of some significant portion of the populace. It could not have been a social or political objective to have the Jews, with the wave of a hand, "disappear," but the "elimination" of the Jews could serve as such a collective aim.

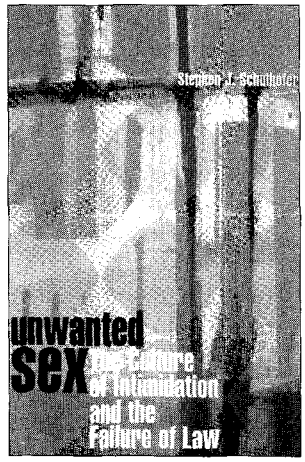
The terminological issue is not trivial, since much debate about the understanding of the Holocaust revolves around the issue of agency, including whether and how the actors should be named. Kaplan's conceptual and terminological shortcomings aside, she does overwhelmingly recognize that ordinary Germans were moral agents and social agents who understood what was taking place, who harbored intentions of their own, and who chose to act upon them—almost always to the detriment of the Jews. She also does not flinch from calling the actors "Germans," which oddly enough some have maintained one should not do, preferring to call them "Nazis," even though many of them were not Nazis.

Underlying Kaplan's difficulties in sharpening and deepening her otherwise sound argument that the vast majority of Germans wanted to eliminate the Jews whom they had made socially dead is her curious lack of interest in the meaning and the nature of anti-Semitism. She undertakes no theoretical or systematic investigation into these matters; and she provides no analytic framework for distinguishing among, let alone understanding various kinds of anti-Semitism. She also fails to examine the development of anti-Semitism before 1933. After the extensive discussion of these issues during the last few years, and particularly given that the book's conclusion is that anti-Semitism was rife and potent in Germany, it is hard to understand this. Kaplan records the hatred that Germans felt for Jews, but she does not explain its causes or investigate its content. Ideational systems are complicated, and they require as much in-depth analysis as other kinds of systems. Slapping a word on them—in this case, anti-Semitism—is not a substitute for plumbing their natures.

How did the socially dead Jews survive, persecuted by the government and hounded by their neighbors and by strangers on the street? Many left, even though leaving one's homeland to go to a strange place is an extremely difficult thing for many to do. After *Kristallnacht* in November 1938, most others would have left. Kaplan is adamant that we should not judge those harshly who before the war did not see the writing on the wall because, in her view, the writing was not legible.

It is true that German Jews could not have known of the coming genocide, because it was unimaginable. But it was not long in Hitler's Germany before two things should have been clear, and indeed they were clear at minimum to the 60 percent of German Jewry who did emigrate before the genocide began: that as long as the Nazis remained in power, there would be no place for Jews in Germany, and that the Nazis had unleashed and whipped up a ferocious popular hatred for the Jews that, barring an extraordinary change of circum-

unwanted sex
The Culture of Intimidation and the Failure of Law
STEPHEN J. SCHULHOFER



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stances, would be hard to restrain. After *Kristallnacht*, even those who had earlier seized on every small reason for hope, on every tiny act of kindness from non-Jews that suggested that there might still be a future for Jews in Germany—a psychological phenomenon that Kaplan emphasizes—now wanted to leave. For most of them, it was too late.

The charge that most German Jews were stupid or blind to the reality of their society is wrong, but not because they were unable to predict the cataclysmic future. The charge is wrong because most German Jews apprehended the situation correctly. They knew that they lived in a country governed by a bloodthirsty regime that enjoyed widespread support among the German people, who themselves were, by and large, virulently anti-Semitic and who endorsed the regime's eliminationist project. That is why they left. If the rest of the world, including the United States, had offered a humane refugee policy, then many more Jews would have been able to emigrate.

Kaplan affectingly demonstrates that Jews were able to endure in their despair with dignity. Despite the incessant political and social assault on them, they worked hard to engender a degree of normality in their lives. Families maintained their Jewish identity, continuing to conduct themselves within the relative sanctuary of the home as they had before, celebrating holidays and family events. Communally, Jews sustained their religious, educational, and social organizations and endeavors as vibrant sources of activity, despite the enormous pressures upon them. Kaplan is undoubtedly right that had the Jews of Germany not been so determined and so successful in maintaining some semblance of a decent and dignified life under siege, more Jews would have tried to emigrate earlier, because the despair would have become overwhelming.

To a great extent, Jews coped so well owing to the inner resourcefulness and the psychological strength of Jewish women. Kaplan maintains that Jewish women understood the depths of hatred around them most vividly because "they were more integrated into their immediate community," and so, having better "social antennae" than men, they "registered the increasing hostility of their immediate surroundings.... Their constant contacts with their own and other people's children probably provided them with further warning signals—and they took those signals seriously."

This contention can be disputed—men, being more public, were in the front lines—but Kaplan is on sounder ground when she argues that because women were "not as integrated into the public world," and therefore were less fettered psychologically than men, they pushed their families to leave and to leave early. And before they left, it was the women, more than the men, who often held their families together. Men were often crushed by the loss of work, and by all the other ways in which they could no longer take part in the life of the society. Seen by Germans as dangerous predators, Jewish men were also more frequently incarcerated in camps, arrested, beaten, and harassed.

So the centrality of women grew, as breadwinners, as public persons, as the psychological and emotional heads of their families. Kaplan brings to light their courage, their strength, and their ingenuity. As one woman explained: "'In the Hitler times ... I had to take over, which I never did before. Never.' Her husband 'didn't like it [but] he not only accepted it, he was thankful.'"

In addition to presenting much new information, as part of her portrait of Jewish life, about how Jews managed to endure, under the ever more horrible political and social conditions, Kaplan offers her views, explicitly or implicitly, on several important issues. She repeats, with little evidence, the notion that terror dominated and pervaded German society, but her sources and her own conclusions show again and again that most Germans did not feel terrorized by the regime. The notion that Nazi Germany was a totalitarian terror society in the sense of Stalinist Russia, a society coerced into obedience for the most part by fear—and that that is why Germans went along with the persecution of the Jews—is a myth.

But Kaplan refutes the myth that Germans did not know what was going on around them. And she leaves in tatters the myth that most Germans did not approve of the policies of the 1930s. As she writes, "That most Germans knew or suspected the truth about the camps is hardly at issue any more." Kaplan does assert that, even though Germans made Jews socially dead and wanted fervently to eliminate them, few Germans approved in principle of the use of violence against Jews; but she provides little evidence to support her claim, which ignores a great deal of contrary evidence, such as that provided in the well-known Wehrmacht exhibition, which has been travelling Germany for the last few years, about ordinary German soldiers' participation in and approval of the annihilation of the Jews. Its organizer, Hannes Heer, concludes that in Byelorussia, for example, the ordinary German soldiers were deeply racist and expressed "spontaneous assent with the mass murder of the Jews."

Kaplan's book also provides a necessary corrective to the literature on the Holocaust and Nazism in two important respects. It restores Jewish women, whose lives under Nazism differed markedly from Jewish men, to the history; and more generally it restores the voices of German Jews to the analysis of German society and German anti-Semitism during the Nazi period. It is really astonishing that the essential, voluminous testimony of the Jewish victims has been neglected—and that, in Germany and now here, the diary of one baptized Jew, Victor Klemperer, has been seized upon as a definitive, comforting account of the experience of the Jews in this period. Kaplan herself has used Klemperer extensively, but she has joined this source to the diaries and the testimonies of numerous other Jews. Her portrait of Germans' anti-Semitism is not the methodologically unsound distillation of the testimony of one idiosyncratic man; it is derived from the observations of a large and diverse sample of individuals. And her broad-based evidence and analysis should break the hold of a certain reading of Klemperer on the contemporary understanding of anti-Semitism in Germany.

Indeed, the simplistic and Panglossian view of anti-Semitism is belied by Klemperer's diary itself. As Omer Bartov pointed out in these pages, Klemperer's book is far more complex, and far more condemnatory of ordinary Germans, than some reviewers have suggested. Klemperer, who bore a great love for the idealized Germany of his imagination, eagerly sought to find among the German people redeeming evidence of sympathy for the Jews. Instances of such sympathy comforted him, and he recorded them faithfully. Still, he could not always blind himself to the German people's agreement with Hitler's views and policies, including the violent campaign against the Jews. On October 2, 1942, he recounted many of Hitler's lunacies from a speech that kicked off the Winter Aid drive: "Terrible threats against England, against the Jews in the whole world who wanted to exterminate the Aryan peoples of Europe and whom he is exterminating...." What is "so horrible," he writes, "is not that a madman is raging with ever increasing maniacal fury but that Germany accepts it."

Kaplan quotes Klemperer reporting that, in an air-raid shelter with anti-war German workers, he heard one of them railing against the Jews in the commonplace terms of the prevailing anti-Semitism. Even though Germans were slaughtering the prostrate, defenseless Jewish people by the millions, this man,

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like so many other Germans, declaimed: "They are getting rich as a result of this war, these few Jewish swine. It really is the 'Jewish war.'" Commenting on this outburst, Klemperer writes: "None were Nazis, but all were poisoned [with anti-Semitism]." In July 1942, when the extermination of the Jews was proceeding at a feverish pace, Klemperer recorded the terrible judgment of a Jewish friend who had pronounced that the "entire German people" must be annihilated. His friend acknowledged that he had been helped by individual Germans. But these, he maintained, were exceptions, and "for the sake of a few righteous ones, the criminal whole cannot be allowed to exist." Klemperer allows the possibility that it was a just verdict. He is "not sure" that his friend "is so wrong."

Kaplan's unsubstantiated assertion that ordinary Germans by and large did not approve of violence against Jews is called further into question by *Children of Zion*, a recent volume of unusual eyewitness testimony, that of seventy-three Jewish children from Poland. Representatives of the Polish government-in-exile recorded the accounts in 1943 in Palestine when the events were still fresh in the children's minds. It is the unvarnished, artless, and naïve story of children who, to put it mildly, had no theory to defend. "To rid the language of the reports of its wooden, bureaucratic style," Henryk Grynberg has "recast most sentences and paragraphs" of their testimony without changing the content.

Most of these children survived because they were in the part of Poland that the Germans first occupied and then, as border issues were ironed out to settle the Hitler-Stalin Pact, they ended up under Soviet control. During the interlude prior to the Germans' subsequent attack on the Soviet Union, the Soviets deported between twelve thousand and twenty thousand Jewish and non-Jewish Polish children to the Russian interior. Those giving testimony were among 871 Jewish children who made their way to Palestine in February 1943, after Stalin had agreed some months earlier to let several tens of thousands of Polish soldiers and orphans leave the Soviet Union for Iran. The children tell of their lives under the Soviets, on their way to Palestine, and finally in Palestine.

One chapter is devoted to the Germans' actions immediately upon their conquest of Poland in September, 1939. Child after child tells of the orgies of killing and cruelty which the German occupiers perpetrated on members of the children's families and communities.

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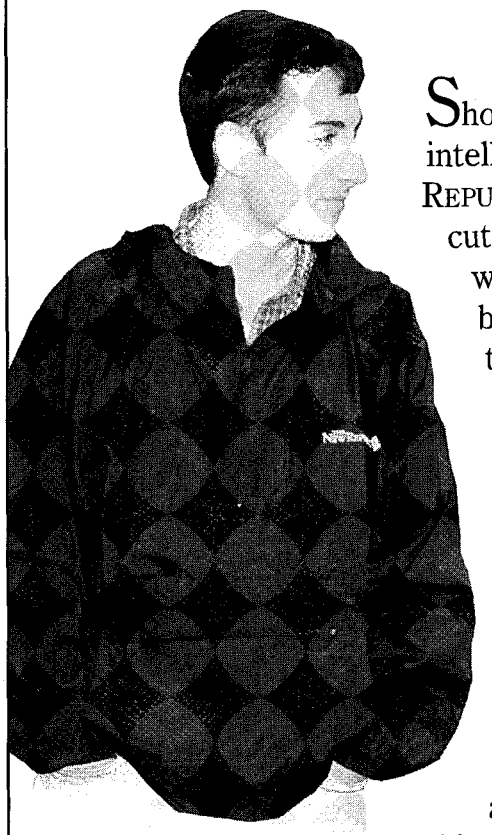

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The Germans regularly burnt down synagogues, the preeminent symbol of Jewish identity and communal existence, glorying in their symbolic destruction of Jewry. In Majdan, for example, "the Germans surrounded the Jewish quarter and herded all the [Jewish] men to the marketplace. There they gave them cans of gasoline and ordered them to pour it over the synagogue. When the synagogue was in flames, they forced the Jews to dance around it while they split their sides laughing." There, as elsewhere, they also "viciously tortured the Jews."

An unusually common form of degradation, which reveals much about the Germans' attitudes toward Jews, was the cutting of Jewish beards. It forms a virtual refrain in this testimony. "As soon as they entered Zagórze," one child recalled, "the Germans beat the Jews, tore out their beards, and ordered them to dance in the marketplace." Another child recounted that "when they arrived in Osiany Dolne, the Germans forced the Jews to perform difficult and humiliating tasks. They beat them and ordered them to cut each other's beards off, and they ordered the women to wash floors with their own underwear." A third child testified that in Tarnów "the Germans ... tied [my father's] hands and one of them began to chop off his beard with a blunt bayonet, wounding his face in the process. I went down on my knees in front of them and kissed their hands, but the more I begged the more they tortured him. I took my unconscious father home, and he stayed in bed for weeks. I witnessed many such beard-cutting scenes. I also saw the Germans herding Jews into the new synagogue and firing cannons at the building while the dying cried, '*Shma Yisroel*.'"

If the destruction of the synagogue is the symbolic annihilation of Jewry, then the cutting of a Jewish man's beard is symbolically the killing or at least the shearing of the individual Jew of his power, because the anti-Semitic imagination identified Jewish manhood with nothing more closely than the Jews' long beards. It was also an act of supreme degradation, in which the German perpetrators and onlookers took joy: they could finally express their hatred in corporeal form. All of this occurred before the Germans' systematic slaughter of European Jewry began almost two years later, in 1941. It is hard to believe that the ordinary Germans who willingly perpetrated such cruelties, not just in Poland but all over the European continent, disapproved of violence against the Jews.

There is a historiographical irony here. It turns out that a true *Alltagsgeschichte*, whether it be about the German populace during this period or about the perpetrators, does not at all normalize the past. Instead it further confirms how aberrant that past was by the standards of the democratic world, including today's democratic Germany. In the end, *Alltagsgeschichte* does not at all relegate the eliminationist persecution and mass murder of the Jews—or the Germans' brutalizing, enslaving, and killing of other peoples by the millions—to a sideshow. It drives home the point that it was central to the life of this country, springing (in the words of the scholar Walter Manoschek) from "the center of German society, representing a cross-section of the 'German *Volksgemeinschaft*.'"

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Vanity Fair

BY CASS R. SUNSTEIN

Luxury Fever: Why Money Fails to Satisfy in an Era of Excess by Robert H. Frank

(Free Press, 326 pp., $25)

Is it a problem when people spend $17,500 for a Patek Philippe wristwatch? Should Americans be troubled when their fellow citizens pay $5,000 per night for a suite at Little Nell in Aspen, or $14,000 for a Hermès Kelly handbag, or $1,000 for gray flannel pants? Robert Frank thinks so. He believes that American society is suffering from "luxury fever." This is not simply a problem of frivolous expenditures by rich people with more money than they can handle. In his view, there is a much deeper difficulty. Frank believes that excessive spending for luxury goods—spending that does not, in fact, make people happier—shows something important about human nature, public policy, and the general question of what promotes well-being. In Frank's view, luxury spending is an example of troublesome and ill-understood behavior in which even reasonable people make themselves, and each other, worse off—behavior that is "smart for one, dumb for all."

Frank wishes to break the "consumption treadmill" by preventing people from needlessly competing with each other (through expenditures that are literally wasteful), so that "trillions of dollars" can be diverted to better uses, both private and public. With the reallocation of those trillions, he argues, we can increase investment, produce much more equality, and also fund an aggressive welfare state, without at the same time compromising economic growth. He thinks that a better understanding of the consumption treadmill shows that the conflict between equality and efficiency is greatly overstated, even illusory. Indeed, he urges that, with a one-line change in the tax code, we can achieve more of both at the same time. This is a provocative and unusual book. It is also a lot of fun, and in places it is hilarious. It deserves a close reading.

Frank begins by tracing what he sees as a recent boom in spending for luxury goods among the rich. To be sure, people have always been willing to spend a lot on luxuries; but Frank finds a significant change, at least "at the top of the income pyramid." In general, he says, luxury spending has been growing four times as fast as overall spending. Frank documents a range of more particular trends, with dramatic increases in the purchase not only of watches and handbags costing thousands of dollars, but also of mansions, or "trophy homes"; of luxury trips (with per diem spending of at least $350); of luxury cars (those selling for more than $30,000); of huge vacation residences; of expensive cosmetic surgery (chosen by more and more, and by younger and younger, people); of increasingly large primary residences (with the average home built in the United States nearly double the size of its counterpart in the 1950s).

What accounts for these remarkable increases in extravagance? Despite sluggish growth in the American economy in the last quarter-century, this has been a period of terrific gains for those near the top of the economic ladder, who are enjoying "unprecedented prosperity." There is also the matter of an important demographic shift: the postwar baby boomers are now entering their

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peak earning years. Yet Frank lays special emphasis on "the unusually rapid growth in the incomes of top earners in every demographic category"—a consequence, he thinks, of the spread of what he calls "winner-take-all markets."

These are markets in which small differences in individual performance produce enormous differences in economic reward. They are most familiar in the world of sports; but those markets are increasingly pervasive, in medicine, fashion, law, journalism, design, accounting, and elsewhere. The rise of thousands of "winners" has helped produce not only growing inequality, but also a boom in luxury spending. Frank discussed this particular phenomenon at length in *The Winner-Take-All Society*, written with Philip Cook, which appeared in 1995, and he builds on that discussion here.

These are facts about the expenditures of the rich, but Frank finds similar patterns for middle-income and lower-income earners. The personal savings rate in the United States is down nearly 90 percent since 1980, and consumer debt is on the rise, with dramatic increases in credit card debt and in bankruptcy. Frank proposes a link between this phenomenon and the practices of the rich. "It is natural for people at all income levels to experience new desires in the presence of others who spend more than they do. And even apart from any changes in what we consciously desire, our individual spending decisions are often influenced by the fact that our menu of available choices is so strongly shaped by what others spend." Thus most people spend more, and for more luxurious items, because of the trends set by those at the top.

The general increase in spending for luxury goods, and the sharp decrease in saving, might not be much of a problem if people's expenditures actually made them happier. Yet Frank thinks that this is not the case. These expenditures have "come at the expense of not only lower savings and greater debt but also many other things we value." In a central part of his argument, he denies that consumption as such buys happiness. What really matters is where people stand in their society, not their absolute level of consumption. In particular, cross-cultural evidence shows that reported life-satisfaction "is essentially independent of per-capita income," above a certain threshold level of affluence. (Frank does not specify that level, but he suggests that people do need to have minimally adequate shelter and nutrition, and that happiness is lower in extremely poor nations.) In various nations, including America and Japan, people do not seem significantly happier when per capita income rises sharply. Average satisfaction levels are stable over time even in the presence of substantial economic growth. Above a certain level of income, your relative position (how you compare to others) seems to matter a great deal, and your absolute position (how much you have) seems to matter not at all. Frank adds the suggestion, based on social science, that people can adapt a great deal to good and to bad—and thus new consumer goods, even luxury goods, are likely to do little to increase people's subjective sense of well-being.

Frank is not arguing that money cannot buy happiness. What matters is not what people spend. What matters is what they buy. The best kind of spending involves what Frank calls "inconspicuous consumption," which he defines to include "freedom from traffic congestion, time with family and friends, vacation time, and a variety of favorable job characteristics," such as adequate physical space. Frank contends that inconspicuous consumption will provide "gains that endure." In America, however, people tend to neglect this point and to devote most of their resources to a kind of wasteful and mutually destructive competition for more and better goods.

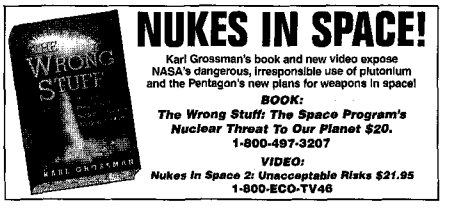
This, then, is the ultimate source of the problem: the consumption treadmill, a kind of "positional arms race" that Frank finds at the heart of luxury spending. In his view, we tend to spend money because we care about what we have compared to others. Once people get on the treadmill, there is no obvious stopping point, and soon they find themselves spending large amounts for goods that give them little, temporary, or no pleasure.

To break the process, we would have to act collectively; but we can't, and so we don't. Nor are those who purchase luxuries entirely oblivious to this. "Many people are fully aware, at some level, that we might be better off if all saved more and all spent less on houses and cars. But that choice is simply not an item on any individual family's menu. A family can choose the amount it spends on its own house, but it cannot choose the amounts that others spend." Thus luxury spending is a classic case of the struggle for better relative position—better position in the hierarchy—leading to a form of waste that people are unable to prevent on their own.

The irony is that individual purchasing decisions inflict a harm on other people (by forcing the rest of us to want to keep up), and they do so without making the purchasers better off. The most obvious analogy is literally an arms race, where nations acquire more weapons in order to keep ahead of their rivals, even though "when all spend more on weapons, no one is more secure than before." In a general attack on his fellow economists, Frank claims that this sort of problem is not isolated but pervasive.

With respect to competition, Frank stands against Adam Smith and with Charles Darwin, who saw that with respect to evolution, competition can be "smart for one, dumb for all." Athletes find themselves using anabolic steroids in order to get an edge on the competition; students use "cram courses" to prepare for the SAT, producing no change in relative position and hence waste; people talk louder and louder to be heard at a cocktail party; and people who care about status may spend more and more to look good, or not bad, in front of their peers. In a bit of speculative, seat-of-the-pants Darwinism, Frank even offers an evolutionary explanation for why people care so much about relative position, suggesting that evolution would favor people who slightly outperformed others, and cared about doing so.

Sometimes this kind of problem is solved through law. An important example is the environment. In an unregu-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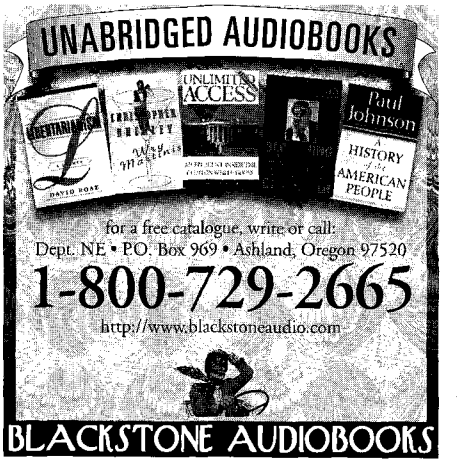

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lated market, individual polluters can impose environmental damage on others; they will not reduce pollution voluntarily, because they would bear the full costs, but not the full benefits, of the reduction. Regulation, or a tax on polluting activity, is a necessary corrective. Consider also zoning laws, which prevent merchants from having to compete with "ever larger and more garish" signs; Sabbath norms and blue laws, which "limit the extent to which people can trade leisure time for additional income"; and overtime and safety regulation, which prevents people from "competing for more money at the expense of leisure time and health." Notwithstanding these success stories, American government has failed to provide a general check against competition for ever more expensive goods. Thus Frank urges that his "claim, reduced to its essence, is that the conflict between individual and group is the single most important explanation of the imbalance in our current consumption patterns."

What is the solution? Voluntary self-help won't work. People's judgments are inevitably biased in the direction of conspicuous consumption, partly because they have much more information about it than about inconspicuous consumption, partly because conspicuous consumption is simply so tempting. Nor does Frank believe that ordinary social norms are likely to solve the problem. To be sure, many norms do appear directed against conspicuous consumption: if you buy a Porsche or Mercedes, you may be violating the norms of your community. But the reach of such norms is quite limited.

And so Frank turns to law. If he is right, the most obvious solution is a luxury tax targeted to specific goods which people purchase as part of the consumption treadmill. But Frank rejects this solution on several grounds. Such a tax will have to specify the goods that count as "luxuries"; and the predictable consequence is an interest-group struggle over which goods to tax most heavily. In any case, people are all too likely to attempt to evade any particular tax.

The best solution, in Frank's view, is much more general: a progressive consumption tax. As he presents it, the tax would be calculated very simply, essentially by subtracting savings from income. For example, a family that reported $100,000 in income and $10,000 in savings would pay tax on $90,000—whereas the same family, saving $50,000, would pay tax on a mere $50,000. Frank believes that such a tax would sharply diminish competition over goods that do not make people happier. At the same time, a tax of this kind would shift the use of dollars in more productive and less wasteful directions.

A consumption tax would help ordinary citizens, because it would increase the incentive to devote their resources to things that actually make them better off. It would help the economy, Frank says, because money spent on consumption would now be spent on investment, which is better for productivity, at least in the long run. Indeed, higher taxes would stimulate the economy by diminishing people's incentives to participate in winner-take-all markets. Frank thinks that we could obtain all these goods while also decreasing inequality, because the sharply progressive consumption tax could be used to redistribute resources from rich to poor—without (and this is his most ingenious claim) at the same time making rich people worse off than they are now. Rich people would not be worse off because the only consequence would be to prevent them from competing for luxury goods, which do not, by hypothesis, improve their lives. For Frank, the result of this analysis is to eliminate the alleged conflict between "equity" and "efficiency." It is entirely possible to have both.

Frank concludes with a vigorous attack on "trickle-down economics" and the claim that "we can't afford" certain social programs. He believes that trickle-down economics has things backward, because "a shift to a progressive tax on consumption would be more likely to increase economic growth rather than to inhibit it." And while Frank acknowledges that some social programs have been wasteful, he thinks that many have done a great deal of good, and that we could use a good deal more.

Though he emphasizes environmental protection and health care, Frank is especially concerned about the absence of decent education and job prospects for poor people. He thinks that federal employment programs, funded by a progressive consumption tax, could find many useful tasks for people with little training or experience. In sum, a progressive consumption tax would break competition over relative position without hurting those engaged in that competition, and in the process it would release trillions of dollars for both private and public investment. "The only intelligible reason for having stuck with our current spending patterns for so long is that we haven't clearly understood their sources and how painless it would be to change them."

At the level of theory, Frank's claim can be reduced to a single sentence: since people make many luxury-type expenditures largely or only to improve relative position, we should adopt policies that produce more savings, and more equity, while breaking a form of competition that does little good for anyone, including the rich. Such an argument is both plausible and ingenious, and it is refreshing to find illuminating new arguments offered in the service of a fairer social order. But I am not sure that Frank is right. He overstates the wastefulness of purchases of luxury goods, and he understates the difficulties associated with a progressive consumption tax.

Status and relative position do count. But we do not know when they count or how much they count. Consider overtime and occupational safety laws, which Frank enlists in support of his general argument. Critics complain that such laws are counterproductive, because they end up taking money out of the hands of workers. Overtime laws give employers a disincentive to hire people to do extra work, and occupational safety laws take money out of wages and devote it instead to (often small) safety improvements in the workplace. Frank thinks that even if workers end up with less money, this is not a problem, because workers' relative position will stay constant, and relative position is what workers care about. But the question remains: do the workers whose wages go down because of these laws really care only, or mostly, about relative position? This is far from clear, and Frank offers no direct evidence to support his affirmative answer.

To be sure, Frank's principal concern is with luxury spending, which may be distinctly associated with the acquisition of status. At least some of the time, however, people buy expensive goods because they like them. I have a friend who recently bought an Audi, which is a $40,000 car; and for him there is an especially attractive feature in this car, which is the presence of heated seats. These seats are not observable, and they do not confer status. In fact, my friend appears not to care about status at all; he just likes the car. Many people buy extraordinarily expensive stereo equipment simply because the sound is so good, and they are willing to pay for expensive vacation homes because the surroundings are so beautiful. Frank has no evidence to the contrary.

Frank says, correctly, that the "frame of reference" is set by what others have, and he responds that people are usually wrong to think that such goods will make them happier. People's powers of adaptation are such that a fancy car, stereo, mansion, or diamond will not produce "enduring gains." This, too, is plausible,

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but it is not clear that Frank has established its truth. Much of his evidence consist of studies of self-reported happiness. Recall that people in rich countries report themselves as no happier than people in much less rich countries, holding relative position constant. But how much can be learned from people's statements about how happy they are? (And on six-point scales!) Relative position may account for people's statements about their happiness on such scales—statements made perhaps after a quick survey of how other people are doing—without also accounting for their actual happiness in life.

Holding everything constant, do we really know that people in the top 20 percent, or middle 20 percent, in a very rich country are no happier, or better off, than people in the top 20 percent, or middle 20 percent, of a significantly less rich country? In any case, subjective happiness is hardly all that matters. Indeed, it is far from clear that happiness should be taken as a subjective concept. Whatever their "happiness," on questionnaires or otherwise, people who have more resources are able (other things being equal) to live better lives, by improving their health, providing better education for their children, protecting themselves from extremes of heat and cold, taking more and better vacations, and generally facing less anxiety for the future. Economic growth may be good for these reasons alone; its principal consequence is not to increase spending on luxuries.

Frank thinks that someone who buys a luxury good inflicts a kind of harm, akin to pollution, on other people. With this claim, too, there are problems. Many people are not much influenced by luxury purchases; perhaps most of us, most of the time, are not adversely affected at all. Indeed, some people affirmatively enjoy seeing luxury goods, even in the hands of others. In this way, people who buy wonderful clothing or watches may actually make their friends and neighbors better off. Frank's analogy to pollution is illuminating, but far from precise. And it is not obvious that any harm inflicted by luxury spending is the kind of harm for which government ought to respond with taxation. Should government really tax people for creating envy in others?

Turn now to Frank's policy recommendation. For many decades many economists, on both the right and the left, have favored a consumption tax over an income tax, partly as a means of encouraging savings. Some people support a consumption tax as a way of encouraging more savings but firmly reject higher rates on the wealthy, usually on the theory that higher rates will decrease economic growth (hence trickle-down economics). And many commentators have urged, long before Frank, that a progressive consumption tax would be a big improvement. (In recent years, Senators Pete Domenici and Sam Nunn have proposed a tax of this general kind which they call the "USA tax.") Frank's distinctive contribution is to argue that an understanding of the consumption treadmill shows that a progressive consumption tax would make many people better off while making few, if any, worse off.

The idea of a consumption tax raises two obvious questions. Isn't such a tax likely to be regressive, to hurt the poor and to help the rich? And how do we know what counts as "savings"? Obviously, wealthy people can save a lot and are easily able to divert income to savings, whereas lower income people, who have to spend what they earn, will pay tax on every dollar. To maintain the distributional burdens of the current income tax, a progressive income tax might have to be combined with a wealth tax (not discussed by Frank), or it might have to include extremely (and politically speaking, prohibitively) high marginal rates on expenditures by high earners. There are hard technical issues here.

In any case, Frank is wrong to suggest that a progressive consumption tax would be "simple." For one thing, a consumption tax would have to replace, or to be squared with, the rest of the existing tax system, including the corporate income tax, the existing system of deductions, the treatment of gifts and bequests, the mortgage deduction, insurance and annuities, borrowed money, and so forth. The transition problems would be serious. For another thing, the distinction between "consumption" and "savings" can be thin. Does a house count as savings? Stocks? Books? Stamps? Diamonds? Problems of this kind have made tax specialists worry whether government can draw the necessary lines.

Frank's apparent remedy is to treat as "savings" only those investments that are put into a specially designated account. But what are the permissible uses of such an account? There are also serious problems of equity. A family that spends $20,000 on cookies and candy will be treated the same as a family that spends $20,000 on repairing their roof and educating their children; and both will be treated the same as a family that spends $20,000 on a party dress; and all of these will be treated the same as a family that invests $20,000 in real estate. It is not easy to defend the judgment that everything should count as "consumption" except deposits into a specifically designated savings account. No wonder that the Domenici-Nunn proposal, though very much in Frank's spirit, is several hundred pages in length.

This raises a deeper problem. If Frank is really concerned about excessive luxury spending in particular, a consumption tax seems to be a pretty crude remedy. Most people spend only a little of their money on luxuries; for most of us, most of the time, expenditures are far more likely for housing, food, and clothing. For this and other reasons, it is not clear that a progressive consumption tax would solve the problems that Frank identifies.

Recall that one of Frank's motivating ideas is that those who purchase certain goods impose a harm on others. Even if it should try, how could government possibly monetize any such harm? In any case, a general consumption tax is not a well-tailored solution to the perceived problem. A consumption tax would cover any and all consumption, much of which inflicts no harm on others. It would not tax the particular injury to others produced by particular acts of consumption. Indeed, a consumption tax could produce an overall increase in savings without much decreasing the particular kinds of expenditures that trouble Frank. At the very least, this cannot be assessed a priori.

Perhaps we will have to say what Frank does not say (but, I suspect, believes): that higher taxes on the wealthy are justified even if such taxes hurt the wealthy. If Frank has not shown as much as he claims, however, he has nonetheless shown a great deal. A progressive consumption tax would have some real advantages over the income tax. People often do struggle wastefully over status and relative position, each competing to the detriment of all. And people do buy things that fail to give much pleasure. Even grown-ups often lack a good sense of what kinds of expenditures, and investments, will actually promote their well-being.

A familiar problem with unrestricted free markets is that they can produce pervasive injustice. A less familiar problem is that free markets often trap people, including the well-off, into wasteful and continuing struggles for better position. It is in the very nature of the problem that even reasonable people may be unable to extricate themselves from those struggles without collective help. In the face of struggles of this kind, free markets should not be identified with freedom, properly understood.

CASS R. SUNSTEIN is the co-author (with Stephen Holmes) of *The Cost of Rights* (Norton).

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Worried sick

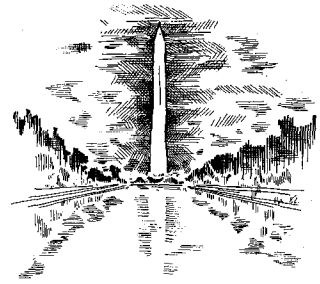
BEING A FIRST-CLASS HYPOCHONdriac, as I am, requires tremendous dedication. Few appreciate this fact, and even fewer give me the credit I am due for my ardent efforts to prevent infection. The diligent worrier must keep track of all the scary diseases of the moment and then concentrate his energies, intensely, until he begins to feel symptoms. When I lived in England, mad cow disease was on my mind. When the British tabloids reported a flesh-eating streptococcus on the loose (the same one now munching its way through Chicago), I assumed every paper cut I got was crawling with the bug. When traveling in China, hepatitis was the germ of choice. In Eastern Europe, cholera. On Long Island, Lyme disease.

THE AMAZING THING IS THAT I'VE yet to be stricken by any of these afflictions, though, now that I mention it, I think I'm coming down with something. True, it generally turns out to be a head cold. But even Ebola, I imagine, starts out like a cold before your brain starts pouring out your ears. The reason I haven't succumbed so far, I believe, is that I've gone to extraordinary lengths to forestall that certainty. I take echinacea (with goldenseal, of course), zinc lozenges, vitamin C, even garlic-extract pills. My supposed friends find great amusement in this behavior. One of them remarked that my tombstone will bear a simple epitaph: "I TOLD YOU SO."

THIS IS ALL A WAY OF SAYING YOU should take the following warning with a grain of salt (and a capsule of echinacea): We are all about to die a ghastly death. It may be from anthrax. Or smallpox. Or possibly plague or botulism, or even something called "rabbit fever." These are the instruments of biological terrorism, and Americans, particularly those of us in Washington and New York, are at ground zero. "It's not a matter of 'if,' but 'when,'" says D.A. Henderson, director of the Center for Civilian Biodefense Studies at Johns Hopkins University. The only question is whether the bioterrorist gets a few dozen of us or a few million.

THESE DISEASES START OUT MUCH like the flu, but with a small difference: They kill you. The mortality rate from anthrax (delivered from the air or in the subway by Saddam Hussein) is 80 percent. Fortunately, it's not spread between people. Smallpox, however, is. Though its mortality rate is only—*only*?—30 percent, "it would spread faster than wildfire," says Mike Osterholm, Minnesota's outgoing state epidemiologist. Hardly anyone still has smallpox immunity, but the bad guys still have the germs. "It's a virgin world in terms of immunity," the wise Osterholm says. "We'd lose control of that situation fairly quickly."

SO WHAT'S A NEUROTIC TO DO? "Basically, die," deadpanned Lieutenant Colonel Bill Darley, a Pentagon spokesman, when I inquired. Perhaps the best hope is that terrorists find some simpler means to kill us; common explosives, after all, simply aren't as scary to the hypochondriac. "The idea of bleeding through every orifice in your body and it spreading invisibly inspires such primordial terror," Darley said. As if I needed a reminder.



MY SOURCES OVER AT THE National Security Council were equally useless in their advice on avoiding bioterrorism. "Drink plenty of fluids," one of them told me, "and stay in bed." Finally, I found somebody with practical advice. Michael Moodie, president of the Chemical and Biological Arms Control Institute, suggested a gas mask, or even a good surgical mask. "There is reason to believe they can have a notable positive impact," he said. The problem with this plan is it works only if you're wearing the mask when the attack begins. To be safe, the mask must be worn at all times—on the bus, at the gym, out to dinner.

ANOTHER EQUALLY FASHIONABLE possibility is the biological warfare suit. A helpful contact at the NSC said I could find one through the Internet, so I did a search for "anthrax and smallpox." The search engine responded with an alarming invitation. "Click to buy Anthrax," it said. Fortunately, this turned out to be an ad for a company selling music from Anthrax, the rock group. "If you like Anthrax, see what the Album Adviser recommends," the ad said. Rabies, perhaps?

PRESENTLY, I FOUND A WEBSITE selling the masks and suits. Its merchandise, interspersed with ominous quotes from official-sounding people ("each act of biological warfare terrorism could result in hundreds of thousands or even millions of casualties"), included gas masks called "Phalanx Survivor" and "Existor 6006." For children, a "Little Ranger" was for sale and, for grownups, a battery-powered mask, "Turbo Shield 505." While you're at it, you might want to throw in the "Chemturion Ready 1" full-body suit, a bargain at $789, size large. That one protects you from nerve gas, too, and it looks great at parties. Or you could go whole hog and buy yourself an "NBC Shelter" for $2,599, including filters, blowers, and tape. I imagine this as a giant boy-in-the-bubble contraption. Bet the streptococcus that ate Chicago couldn't get in there, either.

EVEN A DEDICATED worrier, I discovered, has his limits. The mask and the bubble were out. Vaccines, however, were still a possibility. I tracked down the sole supplier of the anthrax vaccine, BioPort Corporation, in Lansing, Michigan. The good news: BioPort has the vaccine. The bad news: I can't get it. "Basically, every time we get a request we have to run it by the Department of Defense," said Robert van Ravenswaay, a BioPort executive. A spokesman at the Pentagon, which is inoculating its troops, told me the military releases the vaccine to civilians on a "case by case" basis for a "specific use," principally for veterinarians. Hypochondriacs needn't apply, unless they handle sheep. The rest of us will have to wait. Either that or join the military—or become a shepherd.

THE SITUATION IS EVEN WORSE with the smallpox vaccine. Turns out Americans don't make the stuff anymore, meaning we'd have to ramp up production pretty fast if there were an outbreak. The vaccine, I'm told, is made by scratching a calf's belly with a garden rake and harvesting the cowpox virus. But this takes time. If there were a smallpox attack, we'd need a lot of cows in a hurry. And a lot of rakes. Having neither cow nor rake, I'm out of luck on the smallpox vaccine, too. About the only thing I *can* get my hands on is an anti-anthrax antibiotic called ciprofloxacin, sold as Cipro. In an anthrax attack, a panic would ensue, and there would be a run on the pharmacies. The Cipro supply would be exhausted—and thousands could die. But not me. I'll have some in my refrigerator. The Cipro might not kill the anthrax, but it will cure my bioterror fears for now. That means I can find some new disease to worry about.

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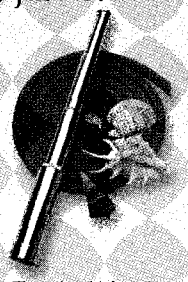

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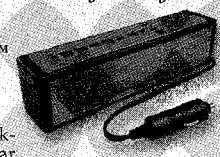

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If our clients were all the same, their *portfolios* would be too.

DOUG M. 58 YEARS OLD. LIVES
IN WINNETKA, ILLINOIS WITH WIFE ABBEY.
AFTER A SIXTEEN YEAR CAREER AS CORPORATE
GENERAL MANAGER OF A MULTINATIONAL FOOD PRODUCTS
COMPANY, STARTED HIS OWN SPECIALTY FOODS BUSINESS.
THAT WAS FIVE YEARS AGO. COMPANY DID $12M IN SALES IN '98.
HE WAS PROFILED IN TWO ENTREPRENEURIAL MAGAZINES. DESPITE A
FEW SHREWD TRADES LAST YEAR, DOUG'S EQUITY PORTFOLIO BARELY ECLIPSED
THE S&P. RECENTLY STARTED DOING SOME TRADING ON-LINE. SOME DAYS HE
FEELS LIKE A VERITABLE WALL STREET GURU. SOME DAYS WONDERS WHAT HE WAS
THINKING WHEN HE BOUGHT THAT STOCK. BIG QUESTION ON MIND NOW: WHAT TO DO WITH
BONDS THAT ARE MATURING THIS YEAR? AT MOMENT, DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE. ABBEY, WHO OPENED
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING STORE IN LOCAL MALL ELEVEN YEARS AGO, IS THE MORE ADVENTUROUS INVESTOR.
TENDING TO THINK SHE'S A LITTLE TOO FOND OF SMALL COMPANY FUNDS. DOUG HAS SERIOUS AVERSION TO THE WORDS
"NEW HORIZONS," BUT NEVER REALLY
TROUBLE WITH ADVICE HE GOT WHEN HE ROLLED OVER HIS CORPORATE 401(k). HASN'T DONE A REAL IN-DEPTH ANALYSIS
SUCCESSES. KNOWS IT'S
WELL-POSITIONED FOR THE LONG TERM. ABBEY GAVE HIM ARTICLES ABOUT TAX EFFICIENT UNIT INVESTMENT TRUSTS.
ONE AS GOOD AS ANYONE'S, BUT WHO'S GOT TIME TO DO THE RESEARCH? DAUGHTER
ANYTIME SOON. DOUG & ABBEY SOLD HOUSE IN OAK PARK IN '96. MADE TOY PROFIT. SOME
SERIOUS THINKING ABOUT HELPING WITH LONG-TERM CARE
FOR COLLEGE FUNDING. COULD HAVE USED A LITTLE
THE KIDS YEARS AGO. DON'T THINK DOUG EVER WANTS TO
FANATICS. DOUG IS IN FEED BOOK
SNOWBOARDING BUT WOULD LOVE
YEARS. JOB OF MAKING MONEY. BUT
ADEQUATE JOB OF
BANK IN EARLY
WORK.

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They say the research has been sifted. The numbers have been crunched. The analysts have spoken: Behold! The ideal portfolio.

We say building a portfolio is not "one size fits all." It begins with knowing you—how you feel about money, how much risk you can tolerate, your hopes for your family, and for your future. By starting with the human element, our Financial Advisors can do something a black box can't do—take the benefits of what PaineWebber has to offer and create an investment plan unique to you. You'll have access to one of the industry's leading research and investment strategy teams. And a menu of products and programs designed to help preserve, grow and manage your wealth—backed by a support team that provides the top-quality service you deserve. What distinguishes PaineWebber's approach is our understanding of what distinguishes you. The difference may seem subtle at first, but when you see the long-term impact personal investment advice can have,

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